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Toxteth: one year on

Roy Jenkins: the man with an alibi

UNDER SIEGE

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Inside Mrs Thatcher's mind

HARDLY HAD the ink dried on our comment last week that Mrs Thatcher was now lost in post-Falklands euphoria before she was up on her feet, saying so herself publicly in the clearest possible terms. The 5,000 party faithful gathered to hear the word in the somewhat unusual setting of Cheltenham race-course last weekend may have cheered. But her claim that the Falklands episode proves that Britain can once again 'do the great things that we once did' raises serious questions as to whether she has taken leave of her senses.

Of course allowance has to be made for the fact that politicians before mass audiences are professionally prone to rely on rhetoric and hyperbole. But the Cheltenham performance was so far beyond normal limits that it can be taken as evidence of the Prime Minister's present state of mind. At the start of the Falklands crisis, she said, some thought that Britain was no longer 'the nation that had built an Empire and ruled a quarter of the world'. 'Well', she continued, 'they were wrong'. And, after talk of spirits stirring and the nation asserting itself, came the phrase that was tinged with an almost obscene relish. 'Britain found herself in the South Atlantic and will not look back from the victory she has won.'

Mrs Thatcher may have found herself in the South Atlantic. And Mrs Thatcher's half-serious belief that Britain still is (or even could or should be) a nation with the qualities required to rule a quarter of the world explains why in the conduct of her foreign policy she is prepared so totally to disregard the views even of her larger and more powerful allies, like the United States, France, or West Germany. Such mindless jingoism is without question working politically for the Prime Minister in the short term. But it is both dishonest and deeply damaging.

We are no longer a world power. Until this episode we had steadily adjusted to this fact over three decades and more. The long-term interests of a second rank industrial power in the second part of this century can only be served by persuasion, influence, negotiation and the positive encouragement of morality in international affairs. The spirit that Mrs Thatcher evokes from the South Atlantic is, so far as British foreign and defence policy is concerned, a dangerous and expensive anachronism.

SO FAR AS domestic politics are concerned, the idea that some new national mood deriving from the South Atlantic has somehow made us and our problems into something different overnight is pure illusion. If, as now seems to be the case in its handling of the ASLEF dispute, the Government is going to base its policies and tactics on this illusion, then rapid and serious damage is about to be done to our social fabric.

For her Cheltenham speech revealed in the clearest terms to date that Mrs Thatcher is not concerned merely (or even mainly) to find a rapid and acceptable solution to a serious industrial dispute. Frustrated by Jim Prior's cautious pragmatism in trade union matters over the years (and finding that even Norman Tebbit once he became Employment Minister was treading much more carefully than she had hoped), Mrs Thatcher has seized on the ASLEF dispute as a vehicle by which she can personally get across to the public her intense dislike of modern trade unions and by which she can draw popular political support in return.

The whole tone of Mrs Thatcher's utterances about ASLEF is now designed to create the impression that its executive are somehow akin to General Galtieri's junta and its behaviour in calling a strike like the unprovoked invasion of the Falklands. And as in the South Atlantic, so with ASLEF and British Rail. The longer the dispute has lasted, the tougher the 'war aims' have become. At the start, any reasonable settlement with honour would have been acceptable. Now nothing short of total and unconditional surrender by the train drivers, combined with open humiliation for the union and its executive, will be enough. If the price that has to be paid is quite disproportionate to the dispute, if the end result is that the British Rail network is halved, if any hope of a rational and integrated transport system for the rest of this century is destroyed, so be it. The fight, she will say, was not of our choosing. In the defence of flexible rostering, no price is too high to pay.

Everyone knows that ASLEF is in a weak position. Whatever soothing words are spoken, flexible rostering for drivers will sooner or later reduce its membership below the point where it is a viable independent union. It does not have the resources for any serious strike. Its executive had little room for manoeuvre since its members in annual conference voted six weeks ago against flexible rostering and the other proposals advanced by Lord McCarthy's compromise.

But last week ASLEF, under strong TUC pressure, agreed to British Rail's trial of flexible rostering in Scotland. At that point the war aims hardened. The ASLEF executive would have to accept the principle of flexible rostering in writing, even before the Scottish experiment had started. It would have to recall its annual conference to have the McCarthy proposals recommended to it for acceptance. The Government wanted to force ASLEF to stand and fight on what has now become a largely symbolic issue. Mrs Thatcher will reap a political benefit in the short term. In the long term a rational British transport will pay the price. □

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Patrick Wintour reports from Bristol

Tony Benn may not stay in Parliament

SUPPORTERS OF TONY BENN are increasingly concerned that he will not be re-elected as an MP at the next general election. This would prevent him standing as leader of the Labour Party if Michael Foot were to resign the post immediately after a general election defeat.

If the Boundary Commission's recommendations on new English constituencies have not been implemented by the time of the election (and it is not yet certain whether they will), Mr Benn will have to defend his existing highly marginal seat in Bristol. But if the recommendations have been implemented, Benn's seat will be redistributed and he will have to compete with other Bristol Labour MPs for nomination in one of the four new seats in the area.

Mr Benn currently holds the Bristol South East constituency. In the 1979 election his majority was cut from 9,373 to 1,890. He is generally recognised as an assiduous local worker, but for some time the population of the inner city working-class wards has been falling. For instance, the electorate is down to 6,081 in the inner city ward of Windmill. Wards on the edge of the constituency containing large private estates have meanwhile grown (Stockwood ward now has an electorate of 22,874). Such have been the demographic shifts since 1951 when the current boundaries were determined.

Under Labour Party rules any sitting Labour MP has the right to stand for selection for a redrawn constituency which takes in part of his or her existing constituency. Mr Benn could thus seek the nomination of Bristol South, Bristol East or Kingswood. The safest will be Bristol South where in the 1981 local elections, using the new boundaries, Labour polled 17,000 in the eight wards out of a possible 74,802. The Conservatives came second with only 5,700.

Some of Mr Benn's supporters in Bristol are arguing that the selection for Bristol South should come first since it is the safest seat, allowing the unsuccessful candidates to stand elsewhere in Bristol. Most observers believe that Michael Cocks, the Labour chief whip and a right-winger, will win the nomination for the new constituency of Bristol South. He is the sitting MP in the current constituency of that name and was reselected there last year by 33 votes to nine. But since then the general rivalry between Left and Right has intensified on the General Management Committee with both sides increasing their affiliations. (The room normally used for meetings is now too small). There has been controversy over the way that Mr Cocks's sponsoring union, the General and Municipal, has increased its affiliation to the GMC, as well as over the way right-wing constituency officers have refused to issue a full list of the delegates entitled to attend the GMC. There are said to be only 313 individual members of the party. Relations between Left and Right became so bad earlier this year that the Bristol South constituency AGM had to be reconvened after an inquiry by the National Agent.

If, once the dust has settled, Mr Benn does not win the Bristol South nomination, he may get Bristol East. In the 1981 elections Labour accumulated 14,000 votes there – 6,000 more than the Conservatives.

However, in one of the seven wards that make up the constituency, the Liberals came within 34 votes of defeating Labour. Since then the Alliance has grown in strength locally. Moreover, Ron Thomas, the District Party chairman and a former Tribunite Bristol MP who currently holds the nomination for Bristol North East, could challenge Benn for this nomination.

It is not yet known whether the new boundaries will be in force by [illegible] Nominations are expected coming in. The Commission says: 'We hope to finish our work by the end of the year and report to the Home Secretary as soon as possible after that'. □

The Bristol bruiser ponders his future

David Fowler

Ann Lewis on the EOC

The quango as gourmand

A LUNCH costing £12 a head at Manchester's Midland Hotel was boycotted last week by senior staff of the Equal Opportunities Commission. The demonstration was in protest against the Commission's decision to spend £4,500 on two legal seminars and lunch at the hotel – when (say the unions involved) the events could have been arranged much more cheaply at the Commission's own conference centre at Overseas House, Manchester. The boycott was backed by 100 members of three civil service unions – the Civil and Public Services Association, the Civil Service Union, and the Society of Civil and Public Servants.

Three weeks ago the unions staged a half-day strike after management had frozen all job vacancies as part of a cost-cutting exercise. Nine jobs, ranging from the editorship of the Commission's newspaper to clerical assistants and part-time typists, are affected. One member of staff was recently told she had been promoted to a higher clerical grade – and four hours later was informed she could not take it up because of the job freeze. Her appointment would have cost the Commission an extra £1.65 per week.

More than a dozen senior staff said they attended the seminars under protest after they claimed they were subjected to threats and intimidation by management.

Union officials met with Commissioners on Monday to discuss ways of ensuring there would be enough money for the Commission's work force. EOC Chairwoman Betty Lockwood made it clear she was not prepared to criticise the government publicly to achieve this.

This week's lunches were again boycotted by senior staff. □

Judith Mullard on the law

Death of a librarian

ON 29 OCTOBER 1981, Mary Bristow, aged 36, was killed at her home in Winchester by her sometime lover, Peter Wood. He took a meat tenderiser from the kitchen wall, carried it upstairs, covered it with two socks and picked up a pillow. He went into Mary's bedroom, beat her head with the tenderiser, smothered her with the pillow and strangled her with his hands.

On June 18 after a four-day trial Wood was found not guilty of murder. He was convicted of manslaughter, with his defence pleading provocation by the victim and diminished responsibility. He was sentenced to six years in prison with no requirement for psychiatric treatment.

The jury had been drawn from outside Winchester because of Mary's popularity in her home town. She had worked as a librarian for 16 years, and after her death, the *Southern Evening Echo* reported that

> she was a well known and popular figure around Winchester and an enthusiastic member of Winchester's women's liberation group. She was an ardent campaigner for nuclear disarmament.

Over 300 people attended her funeral, including CND supporters, women's movement activists and Labour Party members and councillors.

It is not unusual for charges of murder to be reduced to manslaughter in 'crimes of passion'. In 1980 out of 370 people in England and Wales accused of killing another person, 249 were convicted of manslaughter (67 per cent). But this case, tragic in itself and horrific to the many people who loved Mary, starkly reveals the hidden moral codes in the judicial treatment of men's violence to women.

All Mary's qualities – her independence, her intelligence, her kindness – were used against her by the defence. Those qualities were, argued the defence, 'stressful' to Wood, causing him to be depressed. In his summing up, the judge said:

> Mary Bristow with an IQ of 182 was a rebel from her middle-class background and was unorthodox in her relationships, so proving that the cleverest people aren't always the most wise . . . If you play with sex you are playing with fire and it may be, members of the jury, that the conventions which surround sex, which some people think are 'old hat', are there to prevent people from burning themselves.

On top of the depression Mary had 'caused', there was 'provocation' – her assertion that she wanted Peter Wood to leave the house and did not want a monoga-

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mous sexual relationship with him. Thus she was deemed to have been instrumental in causing her own death.

Before the trial was over, the tabloid press had already taken their cue. 'Savage killing of a Women's Lib lover' said the *Sun*, in whose coverage she magically grew to a height of 6ft 8in. The local papers took up the defence's argument that she had transgressed sex roles and was acting Professor Higgins to Peter Wood's Eliza Doolittle, an absurd claim to those who knew Mary, but were not called as witnesses by the prosecution. The *Daily Star* abandoned any pretence at truthful presentation. Under the headline 'Kinky Secret Life of Beauty at Library' it ran the picture of a naked woman whom they claimed was Mary. It was not, but the paper cannot be sued. Only the living can be defamed.

The jury was not instructed not to read these newspaper presentations of what is a proper sexual code for women – or what is the inevitable punishment for women who try to break free. The legal process merely appears to have confirmed this punishment. □

Additional information Jill Radford. Jill Radford and Judith Mullard are members of the Mary Bristow Defence Group.

Philip Sanders in Belfast

De Lorean's human debris

PERSISTENT RUMOURS of a takeover by a mysterious British consortium can no longer conceal the fact that there is now no real hope of any recovery for Belfast's De Lorean car factory. The sit-in has become the last desperate gesture of people who face what now looks like permanent life on the dole.

Despite repeated promises from the American high-lifer, John De Lorean himself, there is effectively no prospect of finding the multi-million dollar investment required to bring a positive solution to the four-month-old receivership of the company and the sit-in by several hundred De Lorean car workers.

For West Belfast Catholics, the closure confirms the belief in Britain's lack of interest in their plight. This sprawling ghetto, policed by the Army, suffers some of the worst social conditions in Western Europe. 50 per cent of adult men are unemployed, the rest do mainly unskilled or service work. Many families live in overcrowded slums. Social facilities are few and inadequate. There is an abnormal incidence of ill-health and disease with, in the classic pattern of poverty, high rates of both birth and death.

Belfast's religious division of labour might be more apparent if Catholic West Belfast, the plant is dency at De Lorean was for management to be outsiders (American or British), the skilled workforce to be Protestant, and the unskilled, Catholic. Each caste had the necessary background, training and experience to fit its role. Although De Lorean was launched with £50 million state funds to reduce unemployment in Catholic West Belfast, the plant is actually sited on the fringe of that area, with equally easy links into Protestant south Belfast. Therefore the material impact of the closure on Catholics will not be quite as great as might be expected. Protestant employees, with a history of regular employment, are much more likely to have mortgages, car loans and heavy HP repayments at stake. □

Patrick Wintour on tax collectors

Left-wingers told to repent

SIX MEMBERS of the Inland Revenue Staff Federation, the tax union, are refusing to comply with their executive's demand that they abandon their support of the Broad Left pressure group set up for reform of the IRSF. The six, including a national vice-president of the union, have been given until the end of the week to renounce the group. They will then be suspended from the union. They will appeal to the union's appeal body of trustees and then take the case to their annual conference. The Broad Left was set up at an open meeting at the union's annual conference last month. A third of the delegates attended and 150 joined up. Due to the number of branch letters criticising the suspensions, the union leadership has had to send a second circular justifying the executive's action.

The union leadership's charge is that the Broad Left represents a union within a union and is contrary to the Federation's rules. The six, the Broad Left's five officers and its Cardiff co-ordinator, are being specifically charged under the union's Rule 7 of acting in a way prejudicial to the interests of the Federation under Rule 68, which bans the distribution of 'unauthorised material'. This clause was put into the union rulebook in 1978 when a Socialist Workers' Party organisation was set up within the union. The Broad Left, as its name suggests, is more widely based; of its five officers, only one, the vice-president Des Bailey, is a member of the SWP. The other four are members of the Labour Party (although one, being a Militant supporter, is a provisional Labour member). Between them they have 80 years' Federation membership.

The platform on which they are campaigning is the election of full-time officers and a more democratic executive (currently the taxation section with 49,000 members has 13 of the 27 executive seats while the collection and valuation sections have together 20,000 members but 14 executive seats). The tax section is said to be further to the Left and at the 1982 conference used its card vote to shift the union in favour of overtime bans and flat rate increases.

In a similar move Sid Weighell, the General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, is pressing his annual conference this week to discipline leaders of the Broad Left within the NUR. Each delegate has been given a long dossier on alleged Militant infiltration of the NUR through the Broad Left. Earlier attempts by the leadership of the Post Office Engineering Union to move against a Broad Left were frustrated once the Broad Left abandoned a projected constitution for itself. In the Civil and Public Services Association factions have been authorised since a rule change in 1976 and now operate quite openly. Broad Lefts have now grown so widespread that there is even a Liaison Committee of Broad Lefts. □

Peter Kellner on the art of the possible

Oh yes, minister

OF ALL Mrs Thatcher's choices of people to serve on the Falklands inquiry, the most intriguing is Sir Patrick Nairne. Sir Patrick, a recently retired Permanent Secretary, has a formidable reputation for redrafting official papers in his fine hand-written italic script. His special skill is to obtain the greatest possible change in meaning, while pretending not to.

A connoisseur's example of this art is contained in a book published this week, *No Minister**, by Hugo Young and Anne Sloman, The book derives from the recent radio documentary series on the Civil Service. Sir Patrick considered that Young's and Sloman's conclusions hadn't *quite* hit the bullseye, and he offered his own, very slightly different, suggestion as to how the book might end. The effect, however, is to extinguish completely the impact of Young's and Sloman's carefully calculated criticisms of Whitehall's mandarins.

Thus the Young-Sloman version finally concludes:

> For the civil service, politics is indeed the art of the possible, but the really successful politician sees that for the inadequate platitude it is. When ministers discover that politics is the art of the impossible, that's the beginning of wisdom: the moment it dawns on them that, as an attitude of mind, 'No, Minister' is not enough.

Nairne's immaculate 'redraft' concludes instead:

> For both ministers and civil servants politics remains the art of the possible. But the beginning of wisdom for the politicians is the discovery that the greatest success in politics depends on transforming into the possible what seems to be impossible. For that an attitude of mind confined to 'No, Minister' on the part of their civil servants can never be enough.

Should the members of the Falklands inquiry wish someone to turn their sharp comments on the Government's pre-invasion performance into well-oiled English, they may be tempted to ask Sir Patrick to bring his skills to bear. They should resist the temptation – lest he once again 'redrafts' their criticisms out of existence. □

* Published by the BBC; £4.75 hardback, £2.50 paperback.

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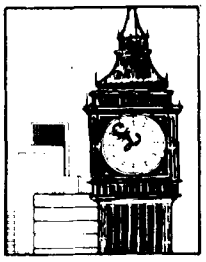

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

The curious case of the radical dictator

FEW SIGHTS are more refreshing to jaded Labour eyes than Edward Heath and Margaret Thatcher having a public slanging match. Last week's splendid exchange in the House of Commons over the propriety of the coming Falklands inquiry is, we can only hope, the first of many such blazing rows.

But the drama of the occasion, combined with the delightful anticipation of a continuing feud, should not blind us to something even more remarkable, and potentially far more significant, in the content of Mrs Thatcher's words:

> With regard to going back over the records of previous Administrations, it is necessary to adjudge our intelligence and defence assessments by the side of previous intelligence messages and defence assessments . . . With regard to permission to consult Cabinet papers, *I am advised that I do not necessarily have to ask for that.* (Emphasis added.)

Mrs Thatcher's transparent aim is to deflect criticism from the performance of her own administration in the weeks leading up to Argentina's invasion of the Falklands three months ago. Nothing would suit her (or some of the civil servants concerned) better than to show how our intelligence services have often provided evidence of Argentine agitation, and how unfair it would be to single them out for undue criticism this time.

In her zeal, however, Mrs Thatcher has abruptly and single-handedly repealed a crucial part of Britain's constitution. Two important questions arise, which have nothing to do with the Falklands or with the venomous relationship between the present and former Tory leaders, but a lot to do with the way Britain is, and ought to be, governed. First, is Mrs Thatcher's constitutional reform sensible? Secondly, should she have the power to change the constitution, however sensibly, without prior public debate and parliamentary approval?

UNTIL last Thursday, the constitutional rule was, in essence, that no Government could obtain or authorise disclosure of the cabinet papers of a previous Government without the express permission of the relevant past Prime Minister.

'Constitutional rule' is, perhaps, putting it a trifle strongly. As we all know, Britain does not possess a written constitution to regulate the inner workings of the executive; so logically there can be no hard-and-fast rules concerning its operations, can there?

In reality, life for Britain's ministers and bureaucrats is neither so simple nor so vague. There are rules of a sort – and, on closer inspection, a funny sort they are too. They have no legal status, but they *are* written down, and are fiercely applied by the Civil Service. Every new minister is shown a document called *Questions of Procedure for Ministers*. Its 140 sections contain a long list of do's and don'ts. Ministers, it should be noted, are *shown* and not *given* this document. They are not allowed even to borrow it overnight.

Questions, which has the authority of the Prime Minister of the day, contains a brief account of the rule that conceals one administration's papers from the next. What it says precisely we do not know because it is deemed to be one of Whitehall's more secret documents – even by Whitehall's own formidable standards.

Even *Questions*, however, is practically a public document, compared with another, much fuller version of the private constitution of the executive. This has the prosaic title, *Heads of Department Handbook*. It is issued by the Cabinet Secretary, and informs Permanent Secretaries of all the private Whitehall rules that have accumulated over the years. Some verge on the frivolous – such as the directive on when Christian names can and can't be used in official correspondence. Other rules are deadly serious – none more than the detailed instructions on how and when the papers of a previous administration can be seen, and by whom.

(Out of curiosity I asked one insider whether ministers were allowed to consult the handbook. 'The question doesn't arise', came the exquisite reply, 'because ministers aren't told of its existence.' As a cross-check I asked Tony Benn if he had encountered the handbook. If any minister would have heard of it and tried to consult it, he would. He hadn't.)

As far as I can piece the handbook's rules together, they are as follows. No minister has a general right to see the papers prepared for a minister in a previous Government. His or her officials, on the other hand, do have the right. An incoming Permanent Secretary, therefore, has a far greater chance to study the history of any given policy than an incoming minister.

Discretion may be exercised – by officials, of course, not ministers – in some cases. For example, if a change of Government occurs in the middle of some sensitive international negotiations, an incoming Foreign Secretary will be told something – though not everything – of his predecessor's activities.

Now, suppose for some reason a minister has cause to unlock the files of a previous administration. If they are the files of a single department (say, inside the Department of Transport on a long-running road-widening controversy), the decision on whether or not to disclose them *to the minister* lies with the Permanent Secretary of the day. However, the minister may instruct the department to make the papers from past administrations available to a properly constituted inquiry. This, essentially, was the rule under which the Bingham inquiry into Rhodesian sanctions-busting took place.

The rules for past cabinet papers are different. By definition the papers prepared for, and minutes written after, meetings of the cabinet and of cabinet committees are likely to disclose differences among ministers from different departments. To unlock these, even to hand them over to a committee of privy councillors, requires the consent of the previous relevant Prime Minister.

THAT, AT ANY RATE, was the position until last week. Now Mrs Thatcher has decided that she doesn't need the permission of past Prime Ministers for the Falklands inquiry to have access to past intelligence papers prepared for cabinet committees.

On the merits of the case, Mrs Thatcher is surely right to change the rules. The arrangement by which one administration's papers are concealed from the next is one of the most squalid conspiracies that exists between our bureaucrats and their ministers. It helps the civil servants by giving them important information that ministers are denied; and it helps ministers by concealing their more private mistakes from their successors. It makes sure that everybody's skeletons are locked securely in the right cupboards, where Parliament, the public, and future Governments can't get at them.

For Mrs Thatcher to have jettisoned that convention and said that 'I do not necessarily have to ask' previous Prime Ministers for their permission to open their cupboard doors is an excellent innovation, however base her motives.

It is, however, frightening that such innovations can be made at the whim of one person. What Mrs Thatcher's statement dramatically demonstrates is that a country without a clear constitution lacks a clear means to protect that constitution from arbitrary change. Within the executive, the Prime Minister possesses dictatorial powers that flow formally not from Parliament but from the Crown. In changing the constitution Mrs Thatcher is exercising her dictatorial rights as Her Majesty's First Minister. And dictatorships are wrong, even when dictators do the right thing.

In the long run – not too long, I hope – we need the formal safeguards of a Freedom of Information Act, together with a franker and more open relationship between the executive and Parliament. Meanwhile, a more modest reform would go a long way. When Michael Foot becomes Prime Minister, one of his first acts should be to publish *Questions of Procedure for Ministers* and *Heads of Department Handbook*. If Whitehall is so keen to keep them secret, it *must* be in the public interest to have them out in the open. □

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PROFILE: ROY JENKINS

The man with an alibi

WHEN HE WAS told last Friday that he had been elected leader of the Social Democratic Party, Roy Jenkins remarked with a grin: 'I'm getting used to winning from behind.' It is a novel experience for him, since the most striking feature of Roy Jenkins's political ascent over the past thirty years is how seemingly effortless it has all been. It might be thought that a Welsh coal-miner's son could not become an honoured guest at country-house weekends without a certain amount of obvious social clambering; yet Jenkins has managed it with ease. Few politicians who hold senior ministerial posts for any length of time escape without committing one or two errors which are used in evidence against them for years afterwards; yet Jenkins's record is remembered as one of unblemished honesty and liberalism. He was a reforming Home Secretary. He resigned as deputy leader of the Labour Party on a point of principle. Even those who disagree with the man's politics are inclined to admire his scrupulous consistency. His enemies, lacking ammunition to fire at him, are reduced to repeating, with tedious regularity, jokes about claret.

His record seems, in fact, too good to be true. And it is. Although he has some undeniably admirable achievements to his credit, there have also been occasions when his behaviour has been less creditable. Moreover, a number of myths have crept into the Jenkins story.

The first myth concerns his background. It is romantic to think of his life as a rags-to-riches tale, in which the lad from Pontypool becomes the man who holds court in the drawing-rooms of Lady Gilmour and Leslie Bonham Carter. Arthur Jenkins, Roy's father, did work down the pits for a while, but soon after Roy's birth he became a mining agent, earning much better money than the face workers. The household in which Roy Jenkins grew up was, essentially, a middle-class one. The family had a live-in maid and occupied a detached house with a garden, set on a hill above the town. They had a car – something of a rarity in mining towns in the 1920s. In 1935, when Roy was 14, Arthur Jenkins became the MP for Pontypool; Clem Attlee, Herbert Morrison and Hugh Dalton joined the list of distinguished visitors to the Jenkinses' home.

With friends like these, it was inevitable that Roy would follow his father into the House of Commons. After a couple of false starts, he was elected as a Labour MP in 1948. He was 27 years old.

A man from Roy Jenkins's background might have been expected to start his political career as a fiery left-winger and then shift to the right as he grew older. In fact he began as he ended, an unashamed social democrat. When Jenkins was at Oxford during the war, he and Tony Crosland set up the Democratic Socialist Club because they found the Labour Club too left-wing for their tastes. It has sometimes been suggested that Jenkins deserves praise for this: better to be a centrist all along than to cultivate the Left and then betray them. However, Jenkins was not as consistent as this interpretation would suggest. In 1951 he wrote a *Tribune* pamphlet called *Fair Shares for the Rich* in which he advocated 'a large capital levy' on wealth and 'an extension of nationalisation'. These measures would bring about 'the final destruction of great fortunes'. Over 20 years later, in 1972, he made a series of speeches in which he called for 'a significant expansion of the public sector', a 'substantial' increase in public spending, a National Minimum Wage and – most radical of all – the municipalisation of all private rented property (except for service tenancies, properties above a given rateable value and tenancies where landlords were letting out part of their own home). He obviously meant these proposals to be taken seriously, since he went on to publish them in a book called *What Matters Now*.

How far were these radical thoughts put into practice? As Jenkins himself once said, when criticising Tony Benn in the early '70s, 'What I am against is talking left and acting right. I am in favour of acting as one talks.' His first chance to prove himself by deeds rather than words came in 1964, when Harold Wilson appointed him minister of aviation. During his brief period at the ministry, Jenkins cancelled the TSR2 but decided that the Concorde project should continue.

In 1965 Jenkins was promoted to the Cabinet as Home Secretary, replacing Frank Soskice. It was a perfect posting for a man such as Jenkins, who was right-wing on economics and foreign affairs but who believed that 'the permissive society is the civilised society'. His time at the Home Office is justly remembered as a heyday of liberalism. He reprieved a prisoner who was due to be birched; he gave a posthumous pardon to Timothy Evans; he supported backbenchers' bills on abortion, divorce and homosexuality; and he appointed his publisher, the former Liberal MP Mark Bonham Carter, as the first chairman of the Race Relations Board.

However, liberalism has its limits. Following the passage of the Sexual Offences Act in 1967, for instance, Jenkins emphasised that it was 'not a vote of confidence in homosexuality'. He left the Home Office just in time to avoid the flak which the Labour government received for its treatment of the Kenyan Asians in 1968. Would Jenkins have behaved more humanely than Callaghan? One must give him full marks for candour, if nothing else, for his admission that he acted 'a good deal less than heroically' in cabinet when the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill was being discussed.

By then, however, Jenkins was elsewhere. After the devaluation of the pound in November 1967 he had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. In January 1968 he introduced a savage deflationary programme: council house building was reduced, prescription charges were reimposed, free milk for children at secondary schools was abolished and the raising of the school leaving age was postponed for two years. (This last measure caused Lord Longford to resign from the Cabinet in protest.) Jenkins's stewardship of the country's finances was marked by his determination to enforce wage control and to cut public spending. In the early 1950s he had proposed that a wealth tax should be introduced; by the late 1960s he was stamping on the idea.

Soon after the Conservatives' victory at the 1970 general election Roy Jenkins was elected deputy leader of the Labour Party, but he resigned the post in April 1972 be-

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cause of the party's hostility to the Common Market. He was not in the wilderness for long: when Labour returned to office in February 1974 he became Home Secretary once again, a position which he held until he resigned in 1976 to go to the European Commission.

Jenkins's second stint at the Home Office was not successful. In 1972 he had said that 'the next Labour government can be content with nothing less than the elimination of poverty as a social problem'. To this end, he had proposed an eight-fold expansion of the Urban Programme, which was 'not too heavy a price to pay to attack the manifold squalor in areas where poverty abounds'. When he went back to the Home Office in 1974 it seemed that he would put these ideas into practice: he announced the creation of Comprehensive Community Programmes (CCPs) to deal with urban deprivation. However, by the end of 1976, when Jenkins departed, only one CCP had been set up in England, and one in Scotland. According to Malcolm Wicks, who worked with Jenkins at the time, 'not one deprived person had benefited from Labour's new strategy'.

During Jenkins's second spell at the Home Office he also had to deal with the Birmingham pub bombings. His reaction was to introduce, at great speed, the Prevention of Terrorism Act, which was presented as a temporary measure but remains on the statute book to this day. The Act gave Britain its very own pass law, under which citizens of the United Kingdom could be prevented from travelling to other parts of the country. Even Jenkins admitted that the Act was 'draconian', but this did not stop him rushing it through the House of Commons.

When Jenkins decamped to Brussels, to collect annual earnings of more than £50,000 tax-free, it also became apparent that he had not been a good constituency MP. The by-election which was held in his seat of Birmingham, Stechford, in 1977 resulted in a dramatic victory for the Tory candidate, Andrew Mackay, whose campaign slogan had been 'Stop Immigration'.

It was also revealed that Jenkins had held only one constituency surgery a month, lasting just one and a half hours, and had been aloof from his local party. As one Stechford member told the *Birmingham Evening Mail:*

> He found it difficult to get down to the ordinary man's level. I was very friendly with him and worked closely with him for years, but I never got beyond calling him Mr Jenkins.

By then, however, Jenkins was safely installed in Brussels.

Like the cat Macavity, Roy Jenkins has always managed to escape before trouble breaks out:

> He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
> At whatever time the deed took place – Macavity wasn't there!

If Jenkins does become Prime Minister, we may console ourselves with the thought that he will no longer be able to defy the laws of gravity. □

PAY

The ghost of Cleggs past

Mrs Thatcher may set up her very own comparability commission. PATRICK WINTOUR reports

MRS THATCHER'S current mentor is probably Churchill rather than Gladstone. Nevertheless, she would doubtless feel at one with the Gladstonian pronouncement:

> that all excess in the public expenditure is not only a pecuniary waste but a great political, and, above all, a great moral evil. It is characteristic of the mischiefs that arise from financial prodigality that they creep onwards with a noiseless and stealthy step; that they commonly remain unseen and unfelt, until they have reached a magnitude absolutely overwhelming.

Such attitudes informed Mrs Thatcher's decision to withdraw from the civil service's 27-year-old system of pay research and to establish the Megaw Inquiry into civil service pay which published its findings this week. However, Megaw has a wider role than simply feeding Mrs Thatcher's prejudices that the civil service has become, noiselessly, overpaid and underworked*. In effect, Megaw represents the Government's first coherent attempt at a policy for public sector pay. Up until now the Government's policy has consisted of cash limits and a bald and unfulfilled statement that binding arbitration in the public sector should occur only when both sides agree to arbitration.

Though the Government has not come out openly and said it, the likelihood is that the government will use the Megaw recommendations as the basis for settling not only the pay of civil servants but also, eventually, the wages of workers in local authorities, the NHS and teaching.

Though there has been no public pronouncement that Megaw will extend beyond the civil service, there have been hints. For example, the Government said in its submission on pay arrangements for nurses that it had been awaiting Megaw before making any definite proposals.

Moreover, most of the secretariat which worked for Megaw previously worked for the Clegg Commission which looked at comparability throughout the public sector in 1979.

The essential institutions and methods proposed by Megaw for determining civil service pay could easily be given a more general application. Megaw recommends that the government should appoint a Pay Research Board to gather information on comparable pay levels. The actual collection and analysis of the data should be undertaken by private managment consultants. Examination of the percentage increases being awarded to groups of workers in private sector jobs of comparable weight should occur annually. Full studies, including pay levels and benefits, should take place only once every four years. Once such information is gathered 'informed collective bargaining' should take place. Market factors, such as staff recruitment and retention rates and 'affordability', should be crucial in the negotiations. Although civil service unions could not compel management to go to arbitration, the state would have the right to impose a cooling-off period between the collapse of negotiations and the beginning of industrial action.

Senior left-wing leaders in the civil service unions are worried enough at the implications of this, but they are doubly worried that other trade union leaders in the public services will be seduced by the proposals simply because Megaw maintains an element of comparability. In recent months many TUC leaders have been bewailing the death of Clegg and calling for a system that gets them off the hook of free collective bargaining.

It is also true that some of the more extreme Treasury suggestions to Megaw have been rejected. For instance, Megaw has shunned proposals for no-strike clauses, regional pay differentials and the Treasury's more crude methods of measuring the state of the labour market. But Megaw is muffled on the way the Government uses cash limits to predetermine pay, and is completely silent on the question of low pay. Almost all the considerations Megaw believes should inform collective bargaining (such as job security and pensions) will push civil service pay downwards.

Much of this will be done by reducing the union role in information gathering. With the old Civil Service Pay Research Unit the evaluation of data was the subject of discussion between unions and government. The unions could ensure that full account of the external range of comparative jobs was made. But under the Megaw proposals management consultants, on the bidding of their patron, the government, evaluate data alone. Unnoticeable 'technical' adjustments could alter pay awards.

Moreover, the method of comparison recommended by Megaw is one the unions oppose. Megaw recommends something which is called job evaluation or a points system in the comparability trade. Service-wide pay bands would be set up. Thus higher executive officers would be placed in the same pay band as higher scientific officers. The consultants would then take typical groups within each pay band, allocate a points score to each group by working out the 'worth' of different elements of the job (such as responsibility and initiative) and then compare them with private sector jobs of similar points scores. One study per pay band would cover all occupational groups.

This points system claims to have an objective method of measuring and comparing the worth of different jobs by breaking down and valuing aspects of the job. In fact, however, the system inevitably involves subjective judgments and is open to manipulation. It also takes less account of the labour market than other systems.

Megaw was born out of a long civil service strike. He may cause another one.

*In fact, Megaw's statistics show that civil service pay has not moved ahead of the private sector between 1956 and 1981.

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The enemy at home

DUNCAN CAMPBELL opens up government documents to discover when the first aim of war is to defeat the 'subversives' at home

MRS THATCHER's clarion calls to the public to crush strikes with 'the Falklands Spirit' would appear to be absolutely in accord with Home Office policy. Their official, but private, Training Manual for home defence Scientific Advisers identifies 'adverse public reaction', 'anti-war demonstrations' and 'dissident groups' as the first enemy to be tackled in any war.

When the present wave of plans for 'home defence' began in the early 1970s, it was then stated that the first objective was to 'maintain the internal security of the United Kingdom'. 'Mitigating the effects of a nuclear attack' came second; 'recovery' from a nuclear war, if possible, came last.

The Training Manual, which was drawn up by the Home Office's Scientific Advisory Branch for the volunteer scientists who will check fallout and radioactivity levels in official bunkers, puts an illuminating gloss on this. Under the heading 'The Threat' it notes:

> The overall threat can be divided into the following:
> a) internal threat (sabotage, subversion and possibly *adverse public reaction to government policies)*
> b) conventional attack
> c) nuclear attack

The document characterises British 'dissident groups' and anyone arranging strikes or anti-war demonstrations as having already thrown in their lot with the enemy. Such an assumption by the Home Office would legitimise, in the public eye, the *internment* of critics of the government and the use of police or army against anyone who obstructed the NATO-wide build-up to war.

Organising the 'detention or restriction of movement of subversive or potentially subversive people' would, according to the Police Manual of Home Defence, be the task of MI5 and police officers. In all home defence rehearsals for war, it is assumed that an Emergency Powers Act would be passed in the lead-up to war. Under such an Act the government could set up the new state structures it needed and issue orders and regulations by decree alone.

Such rehearsals take place every two years, with the next one – under the unusual code-name of *Hard Rock* 82 – scheduled to start on 29 September and run for a week. During the exercise, government bunkers will be operated to rehearse what would go on during three phases – 'conventional' war, a nuclear attack, and a post-attack 'survival' period.

SHOULD ANY of the estimated 20,000 people who would be the targets of a pre-war round-up of subversives not know what the Home Office expects them to do, the Training Manual tells them. Under the heading of Sabotage, it says that the UK's internal security will potentially be threatened during periods of international tension by acts of sabotage by enemy agents 'possibly assisted by dissident groups . . . Their aim would be to weaken the national will and ability to fight.' Such acts, besides undermining the Falklands Spirit, would 'tie down large numbers of men on static guard duties thereby preventing them being used on other necessary tasks . . .'

Who exactly are these saboteurs? The Manual, not updated since the emergence of a mass peace movement, says there are certain *dissident extremist groups*

> which are known to be in sympathy with our potential enemies and which can be expected to react against the good of the nation in times of tension.

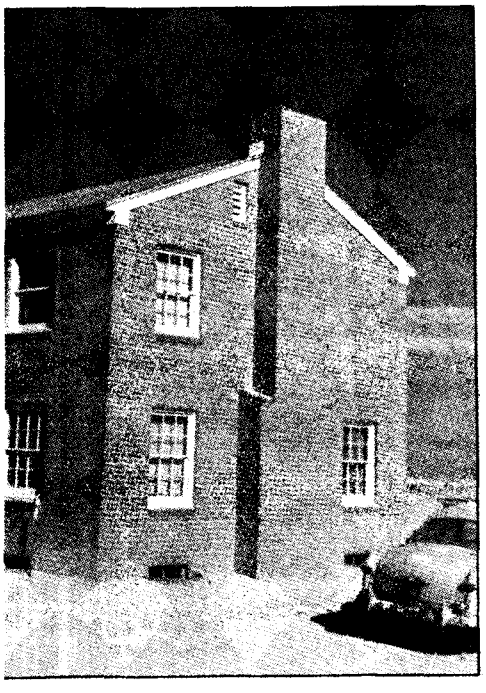
The threat *subversive groups* pose includes

> fomenting strikes in key industries, promoting anti-war demonstrations to turn the populace against the government and disruptive activities connected with war preparations.

The language could have come straight from the cold war speeches of our 'potential enemy', the Soviet Union, on how to characterise its own dissidents.

The new governmental forms which are being planned go beyond the appointment of Controllers and Commissioners under an Emergency Powers Act. A Cabinet Office 'Transition to War' working party reviewed further measures in a secret 1979 report to a committee on the same subject, chaired by Cabinet Secretary Sir Robert Armstrong. The aim is to produce an 'integrated' government control system, with the Central Office of Information co-ordinating the news media. Although plans may change with the discovery of the talents of Ian McDonald, the Armstrong

In order to discover as much as possible about the effects of bomb blast simulated dwellings were built close to the centre of nuclear test sites. Automatic cameras photographed the results. Left: the homes just before the explosion; centre the blast effect; right: the end result. Pictures come from the official Home Office publication, 'Nuclear Weapons', which gives details of the expected effects of nuclear attacks on British cities. Some of the Home Office figures differ considerably from United States estimates



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Committee intend that the chief censor and information co-ordinator would be the Prime Minister's Press Secretary, Mr Bernard Ingham. Another official, Mr Alan Howard, who directs the Home Office's emergency planning division, has spoken publicly to county council civil defence staff of the need to avoid the 'trauma' of public debate before a nuclear war. 'Trauma' could be avoided by the early suppression of public discussion.

GOVERNMENT HOSTILITY to any public opposition to its war plans, revealed in the Training Manual, will not seem hypocritical after the Falklands war. But what may distress government supporters is the blatant conflict between the Manual's assessment of likely war damage and the claims made publicly by the Home Office since the Manual was written. In 1981, a Home Office public pamphlet, *Domestic Nuclear Shelters,* said that knowing where the bombs would fall was impossible but claimed that about 80 per cent of the land area might suffer 'no blast effects at all.' In an introduction to the confidential Training Manual, the Director of the Scientific Advisory Branch, Mr J. K. S. Clayton, says that only 40 per cent of the land area of the UK will be 'undamaged' by nuclear blast: 5 per cent of the land area will suffer 'heavy damage', another 15 per cent 'extensive damage' by blast and fire and another 40 per cent 'superficial damage'. So-called 'superficial' damage in this case means about a one-ton force distributed across typical domestic doors and windows from the explosion's blast wave. That is enough to destroy doors, windows and roofs, rendering the houses useless as fallout and weather shelters during and after an explosion.

At the time *Domestic Nuclear Shelters* was published, Mr Philip Steadman, the Director of the Open University's Centre for Configurational Studies, challenged the Home Office claim that 80 per cent of the land area might suffer 'no blast effects at all.' He published an analysis in *New Scientist* (18 June 1981) showing that the sort of attack the Home Office expected would leave only 40 per cent of the country's land area (relatively) unscathed, and a similar area would be in the outer area of 'superficial' blast damage. That is exactly the same proportions as in the secret Training Manual's predictions – which Mr Steadman had not then seen.

Yet when Mr Graeme Bushell, the Cambridgeshire County Council's Emergency Planning Officer, raised Mr Steadman's criticisms with the Home Office he was told that Steadman had been invited to the Home Office, where he was shown, and had accepted, the error of his ways. This information came in a letter Mr Bushell received on 30 July 1981 from a Mr K. A. Day of the Home Office Emergency Planning Division, and one of the authors of the pamphlet. Mr Day's assertion is quite untrue.

This week, Mr Steadman said: 'I regard it as very serious that the Home Office is seeking to discredit my work behind my back by misleading others'. Mr Day, who has presumably seen the Training Manual, also repeated the assertion in his letter to Mr Bushell that

> It is nevertheless reasonable to say that about 80 per cent of the land area of the United Kingdom might suffer no blast effects

Mr Day's letter went on to say that the Home Office 'certainly did not accept' Mr Steadman's general criticisms. His article had pointed out that the areas most directly affected by expected nuclear attacks were those in which most people lived. Mr Day said:

> Mr Steadman makes much of the possibility that a large number of people might reside in the areas directly attacked. But that is not really relevant.

In the Home Office's view, it is a technical matter of whether or not shelters against radiation from fallout – but not blast – can stand the strain. A country of dead and dying people with solid nuclear shelters as their tomb-stones would, resumably, be a Home Office success.

THE MANNER in which 'superficial damage' (in private) becomes 'no blast effects' is typical of a wide variety of inaccurate, incompetent and sometimes deliberately misleading statements and procedures used by some official practitioners of home defence 'science'. They have produced at least three quite different tables of bomb effects in official publications which appear partly to be based on an inability to distinguish between multiplication and division. They have circulated tables of casualty levels which finish up with 115 per cent of the original population accounted for and have calculated 90-100 per cent population survival rates at levels of blast or radiation which the US Department of Defense's experts regard as wholly lethal.

One of the fundamental mathematical errors made by Mr Day's working party on shelters is its failure to distinguish between the *radius* of a circle and its *area*. In a technical manual on 'Domestic nuclear shelters' they claim that when a bomb goes off in the air, the 'distances (of the bomb effects) would be increased by 30 per cent' compared with a bomb that goes off on the ground. This is wrong; but more to the point, the accompanying pamphlet of the same title claims that 'the *area* affected will be about 30 per cent greater.' 'O' level arithmetic examiners normally expect that students know that when the radius of a circle goes up by 30 per cent, its area increases by 69 per cent (since area is proportional to the *square* of the radius).

Such errors have been a persistent feature of British government 'science' when seeking to justify political notions. In the 1930s, the government defended its determination not to build public shelters with statistical 'proof' that people would be safer 'dispersed'. A leading critic, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, had to publish a paper in *Nature* to disprove formally the official claim. □

Duncan Campbell's book on civil defence, nuclear war, and the Hard Rock 82 exercise will be published in September. It is called War Plan '82.

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DEPRIVATION

Tree-planting in Toxteth

DILIP HIRO returns to Liverpool 8 to see how much has been done to tackle the causes of last year's riots.

THIS WEEK a year ago violence erupted on the streets of Toxteth, in the heart of the district known as Liverpool 8. By common consent it was not a race riot, but an explosion of frustration and anger from young people at the increasingly hopeless situation in which they found themselves – socially and in terms of job prospects. In response, Mrs Thatcher put her environment minister, Michael Heseltine, in charge of the revitalisation of Merseyside.

Last week I returned to the scene of that violence to discover whether anything had changed. It had. It was worse. The latest figures indicate that of the 1,556 school leavers aged between 16 and 18 in Toxteth, only 84 have full-time jobs. Put another way, unemployment (properly defined) for this age group in Toxteth is around 95 per cent. Meanwhile, just under 1,000 are being to some extent kept off the streets by the Youth Opportunities Programme.

The 1981 census figures for the Granby and Abercrombie wards, the heart of Toxteth, with a population of about 28,000, indicated a male unemployment rate of 35 per cent; twice the average for Liverpool as a whole. A census today would certainly find that the situation was worse.

No racial breakdown of the unemployment figures is available. But applying the evidence for blacks and whites nationally, Paul Sommerfield – the City's Community Relations Council officer – estimates that (even counting in the temporary activities provided by the Youth Opportunities Programme and the Community Enterprise Programme for those over 18) 60 to 70 per cent of young blacks have nothing to do at all.

South Liverpool Personnel is a publicly subsidised employment agency, housed in a dilapidated building in Upper Parliament Street. As the three schools in its catchment area close for the summer holidays, its existing register of over 500 job-seekers will go up by another 180. Its success in finding jobs will not improve. Last month it managed to find 'work' for just 15 of its clients. Even of these, only three were proper permanent jobs. The rest were temporary work and 'work experience' of one kind or another.

Apprenticeships, or proper jobs, are in fact virtually impossible to get if you live in Toxteth. Eric Caddick is a case in point. A bright, fast-talking youth of 17, with six CSEs, he was born of racially mixed parentage in Toxteth. He has a pile of 50 rejection letters from the shipping companies he had approached for sponsorship as a trainee cadet. 'I didn't get a single interview,' he said. 'I guess a Toxteth address doesn't help, nor does enclosing your picture with every application.'

Or take Stephen Nze, a soft-spoken youth of 17, a British-born black with an English mother. He is a beneficiary of the Youth Opportunities Programme. Since September he has been 'working' for £18 a week as a trainee electrician at a community centre. His training will finish, in August; and he has no illusion about finding an electrician's job thereafter. He will have to stay on the dole for three months (at £17 a week) before he becomes eligible for another spell of year-long training under a YOP scheme. Next time around he might be offered catering or joinery or hair-dressing. Training but no job.

Above: Michael Heseltine chats to Liverpudlians; what good has he done?

At the Arundel Street Methodist Church Youth Club, 21-year-old Ruth Grove described her particular training as a cabinet-maker. She had spent a lot of time 'sanding large blocks of wood'. 'At the end of the year I did manage to make a table for my mother,' she said. 'Most girls find a way out of the misery of trying to find a job which doesn't exist by getting pregnant.'

The fact that YOP schemes so seldom result in proper employment at the end has created deep and growing scepticism among the young about the value of such training. Stephen Smeda, 22, was a catering trainee. 'But how much can you learn about a subject like catering in 12 short months?' Now he has been unemployed for over two years. 'It breaks your spirit to be unemployed for so long,' he said. 'I just don't know what to do. I try to keep away

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from pubs. Drinking costs money, and drags you down into a gutter if you're not careful.' He mentioned an older brother who had gone to London and found a job there as a waiter, and thought he might follow his example.

'WHEN YOU HAVE no job and no chance of finding one, you're faced with the nagging problem of how to kill time, what to do during the day,' said Geraldine Ambrosius of South Liverpool Personnel. 'You become weighed down with an awful feeling that society has no useful function for you to perform at the ripe age of 17 or 18.'

That is what life is now like for hundreds of young people in Toxteth. Tony Bishop is one. 'I try to get up as late as I can, say at about 11 am,' he said. 'I eat, and then go and watch African dancing by the Delado group at the Rialto Youth and Community Centre. I stay there until 4.30 and return home for tea. I stay for dinner, and then go the Methodist Youth Club to play games and watch television until 10.30.' Sometimes he changes the routine by visiting his friends at home.

He and his friends are careful not to go around in groups for fear of being stopped and questioned by the police. Such incidents are now much less common than before the last year's riots; but old memories die hard.

Six months ago 'community policing' was introduced in Toxteth. The main change was abandoning the use of cruising Panda cars to police the area; and returning to the practice of policemen patrolling on foot. The police claim that 'suitable' constables were chosen from those who volunteered. 'The posting is fairly long term so that the bobby on the beat can establish rapport with the public in the area,' said the police spokesman. Some 30 constables and officers of the Admiralty Street police station are involved in the experiment, out of the total Merseyside police force of over 4,600.

Two major problems remain unsolved. What happens when black Liverpudlians find themselves in the adjacent areas where old policing methods and attitudes prevail? And, how do you change the behaviour of the back-up sections of the police force, chiefly the CID? After all, it was the CID's aggressive behaviour towards a black citizen which triggered off three nights of skirmishes between the police and the public in early April.

The Toxteth public has noticed a change with the introduction of community policing, but is withholding its final judgment. Its mood is best caught by the line: 'The black youth said, "The cop smiled at me, but what did he do when he'd gone past me?".'

Beyond that, there is the more fundamental problem of such widely different perceptions of the situation dividing the community and the police. Paul Sommerfield says: 'It was the riots which forced the police to listen, to hear, for the first time.' A black youth says: 'If the police go back to the old ways they know what to expect from us.'

But Merseyside's Chief Constable Kenneth Oxford says, in his latest annual report, that the Toxteth riots were responsible for the 15.3 per cent rise in Merseyside's crime rate.

The same gulf in perceptions is true of the Toxteth economy. Michael Heseltine trumpets the impact that he has made in his effective capacity as 'Minister for Merseyside'. Local leaders have a different story to tell.

'One of the major problems is lack of co-operation and communication between the local community and the authorities,' says Manny Uchegbu of the Charles Wootton Centre of Adult Education. 'What they have done so far is to put up lots of trees in the area. Nothing more positive has come out of the Heseltine package yet.'

Landscape gardening efforts jar with the continued neglect of the local authority housing, particularly in Granby district. The long-unswept streets are still littered with broken glass. The corridors and stairs, smelling of urine, are peppered with broken objects. When it rains, the unpaved fronts of the flats, cordoned off by high walls, turn into linked puddles of water.

It still rankles with Toxtethians that the job of face-lifting the area's main boulevard, Princes Avenue, was allocated to an outside contractor who used outside labour. Now there is the impending project to rehabilitate houses along Princes Avenue. There is strong feeling in the community that whoever gets the contract must be made to use local labour. 'What is the use of all this renovation and landscaping in your area if at the end of it all you're still hungry?' asked Ron Jilke of the Rialto Youth and Community Centre.

In any case, all this is a poor substitute for attracting new industries to the area. The authorities know this. The Liverpool Development Agency decided to provide new, turn-key factories for enterprising companies. It produced ten such units along St James Place, near St Patrick's church, last September.

Today only one factory is 'under serious negotiations' for renting; nine are lying vacant – a monument to the lack of social conscience shown by private capital.

The overall response of the local companies in Toxteth has also been disappointing. Geraldine Ambrosius of South Liverpool Personnel reckons that, as a result of the riots, the number of black sales assistants in the city's major departmental stores only went up from one to 14. And many of these 14 are not full-time, but only part-time.

It is instructive that of the three *permanent* positions that South Liverpool Personnel secured for black job-seekers last month only one was with a private company; the other two were with the local authority. Not that the Town Hall's record in this field is a shining example of an 'Equal Opportunity Employer'. Of its 1,400 staff engaged in landscaping, paving, and housing maintenance, only about 25 are black. And this in a city of 509,000 people, of whom eight per cent are non-white – with half of them described as 'British-born blacks' living mainly in Toxteth. □

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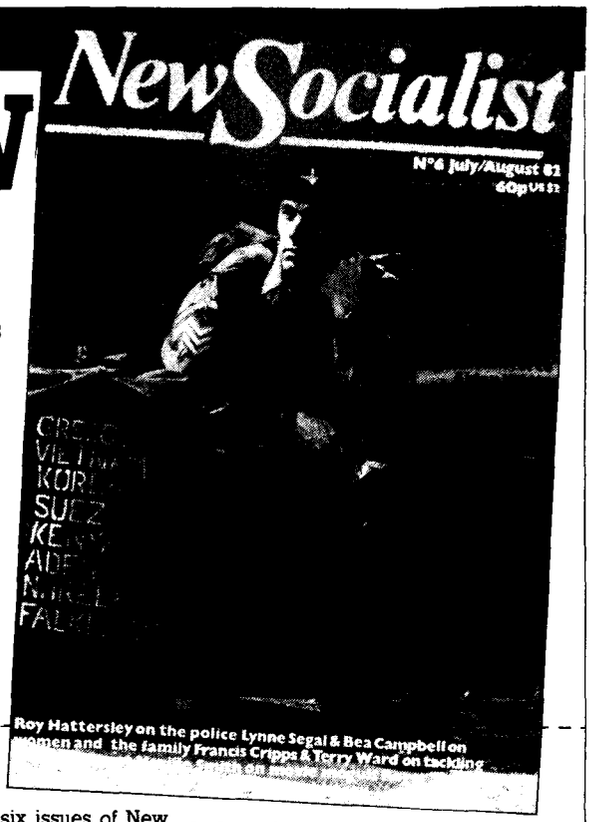
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Yasser Arafat under siege

'Every generation loses its youth.' JULIE FLINT listens to the voices of West Beirut.

FIVE WEEKS into Israel's invasion of Lebanon, the besieged Palestine Liberation Organisation finds itself at a crossroads not of its own choosing. The direction the PLO takes, relentlessly hounded by Israel, will determine whether it continues as a force for moderation in the Middle East or whether it takes a sudden and violent turn back towards terrorism – both in Israel and in the Arab world that has turned a blind eye to its latest, Lebanese tragedy.

The chances that the PLO will survive in Beirut, a synonym for Palestinian moderation, are, at the moment, looking slim.

It is hard to see how Menachem Begin, Israel's prime minister, can defeat the PLO in Beirut, and perhaps the only way he can save his own badly burned political skin is if he does not enter the capital. The 'famine blockade' of West Beirut imposed last weekend with the closure of the last supply routes from East Beirut soon seemed a bad political misjudgement, stirring up an avalanche of protest that appears already to have forced Israel to turn the water-taps on again. More than half-a-million people in West Beirut are now deprived of electricity. Food stocks are dwindling rapidly. Hospitals will soon run out of medicines and oxygen.

Those best surviving the blockade are, of course, the Palestinians, prepared against all eventualities. The Palestinian Red Crescent, for example, is running 21 emergency hospitals in Beirut, deprived of outside supplies since the invasion began on 6 June, and is still opening new centres, some fully equipped for surgery.

If Begin, against his every declaration and his very nature, is forced to retreat from Beirut, leaving the PLO intact within it, Yasser Arafat will claim the greatest victory of a revolution begun with the creation of Fatah in 1965.

If Begin does take the city or if the PLO, to avoid a massacre of civilians in Beirut, signs a withdrawal agreement with the Lebanese government, the days of Palestinian moderation will be over, in a snap.

'I see terrorism staring me in the eyes,' says one of the PLO's leading moderates. 'It will begin at once.'

It was the leaders of Fatah, back-bone of the PLO, who channelled the terrorism of earlier years towards moderation and in so doing won diplomatic status in more than 70 countries. They are especially bitter. Ahmed Abdul Rahman, editor of the daily *Palestine Revolution* and an intimate of Arafat, says: 'When I look around and see myself besieged, I find myself a criminal because I told my people there would be a peaceful settlement. It took six years, from

1973 to 1979, to put the idea that there could be a peaceful settlement in the mind of the Palestinian people. It will need another 17 years to happen again. We had Black September [when King Hussein unleashed his army on the Palestinians in Jordan], the Syrian invasion against us in the [Lebanese] civil war, three wars against Israel. Every generation loses its youth.'

A resurgence of Palestinian terrorism, to which even Israeli defence minster Ariel Sharon attributes fewer than 30 deaths in the past year, will be directed not only against Israel, but also against the Arab governments which failed to stop Israel.

The PLO no longer hides its disgust with its fellow Arabs. 'We have not heard of any demonstration taking place in any country of the Arab world, save perhaps in the West Bank,' Arafat told Libya's Col. Gaddafi this week in reply to a message urging him to commit suicide rather than accept disgrace. 'These steadfast fighters expected Arab planes to cover their skies at least, to protect their children and families.'

'We'll take the war into Syria,' says another leading Palestinian moderate. 'There will be upheavals everywhere. Begin will not leave the Arabs to dream. He will radicalise the Arab world.'

If the Arabs, in extremis, do act decisively to defer or halt an Israeli onslaught on Beirut, Palestinian moderation can perhaps be preserved. Some Palestinians still entertain such hopes, believing that 'in the battle for Beirut we will not be alone as we are now'. A top PLO official close to Arafat and in daily contact with Cairo says there is a 50-50 chance that Egypt will sever relations with Israel on the first or second day of the battle. Saudi Arabia has given 'strong indications' that it would unsheath its oil weapon, he says, while Syria would 'certainly' enter the war in the Bekaa valley.

Arafat would certainly go down with his fighters, generally estimated at 6,000 in Beirut but probably many more. 'With 70,000 Palestinians killed since the revolution began, Arafat cannot take his gun and walk out of Beirut,' says a friend and advisor. 'He's a revolutionary and a political man who needs a political solution. If he fails, he must be a legend.'

ARAFAT HAS already taken steps to ensure a smooth and immediate transfer of power if he and other PLO leaders die in Beirut. Fatah's central committee met last week and gave its secretary general a carte blanche to nominate the new leadership. Arafat was reportedly on the point of handing over authority to it soon after, but the fourth ceasefire of the invasion ended what he thought for a while was the start of the battle of Beirut.

'If Israel crushes the PLO in Beirut, it will have a new PLO, a new force, a new ideology,' says Rahman. 'It is very stupid. The new leadership will be more radical and we will empower it the moment Israel invades Beirut.'

Hopes of a political settlement to the war rise and fall. Israel, unmoved and unmoving, insists on the complete military and political humiliation of the PLO even though Washington, reflecting the view of its more enlightened servants in the State Department that the PLO is a necessary voice for moderation in the Middle East, is reportedly showing more flexibility now.

Lebanese and Palestinian sources say Arafat has gone as far as he can to avoid fighting, and probably perishing, in Beirut, together with hundreds and maybe thousands of civilians. They say he now seeks a political presence in Lebanon no greater than in other Arab countries and a military presence that would be only symbolic. He has reportedly expressed a willingness for the guerrillas who originally came from other Arab countries to leave Beirut and for the leadership to move to another Arab capital – perhaps Damascus or Tunis.

According to some Palestinian sources, all that Arafat is insisting on is that he himself, as the symbol of the revolution, should remain in Beirut, at least for a while. As Rahman says, 'Lebanon means time and space for a political solution. If you change the place of the PLO, you change its policy. The most important thing for this settlement is that the PLO must be for a little time in Beirut. Beirut is moderation'.

Although more than ever the undisputed leader of the PLO – 'his word is our constitution now,' the Palestinians say – Arafat is not unchallenged in his efforts to avoid a battle for Beirut. Several Fatah leaders think such a battle would be the

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best thing for the Palestinians now that Begin has made a mockery of their moderation – provided, of course, that they somehow manage to survive it.

If the PLO departs from Beirut, under terms which it valiantly but unconvincingly seeks to portray as honourable, it would be a terrible blow for Arafat and for hundreds of thousands of refugees who love and honour him as the living symbol of a Palestine to be restored. 'Look,' an old woman told him recently as he toured Beirut's refugee camps, 'you are our eyes. Without you we cannot see anything.'

However deep Israel plunges into the Lebanese quagmire, however serious the Palestinians' defeat if Begin is not brought down, the Palestinian problem will not end in Lebanon, as it did not end in Jordan in September 1970.

'The Palestinian question is not like Zimbabwe or Nicaragua,' Arafat said in a lengthy interview two weeks ago. 'It is something completely different. This is the Palestinians' long march.' He predicted that the Lebanese war would mark 'the strategic turning point' in the Arab world. 'This is the start of the miracle,' he said. 'No one in the Arab world can accept this genocide against the Lebanese and the Palestinians. I am speaking about history, not about tomorrow or next year. This is the new uprising.' But that is of course in the long run.

In the short run, the Palestinians' ability to resist Israel for almost five weeks, in the longest Arab-Israel war since 1948, has given the refugees in Lebanon a new pride and a new sense of identity that will not easily be lost. 'Even if we are annihilated today', said one man, 'we would be victorious. We have fought Israel for 32 days. My son will be able to say: "After 32 days we were still fighting them." For the first time we have something of which to be really proud.' Yet it is most unlikely that Arafat and the other historic chiefs of Fatah, dispersed around the Arab world, would retain the leadership of a new and more violent phase of the struggle. □

ISRAEL

Protest and survive

Not all Israelis approve of their government's invasion of Lebanon. MARION WOOLFSON reports on the dissenters

ISRAEL'S latest war has provoked more internal criticism than anything the country has experienced before in its 34-year existence. In part, as the western press has reported, dissent has taken the form of mass demonstrations – in Tel Aviv last Saturday as many as 100,000 marched to protest against the invasion of the Lebanon.

More significant than such head-counts, however, is the depth of the protest movement, which now spans Israel's entire political spectrum. More than ever before, the fundamental tenets of Zionism are being questioned.

For years, Polish-born Professor Israel Shahak, who was in a Nazi concentration camp as a child and is Professor of Organic Chemistry at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and chairman of the Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights, has been mounting a lonely campaign against the 'Nazification' of Israeli society. As a result, he has been ostracised by many of his academic colleagues. Now, however, some of them are saying – also publicly – that he was right.

Even before the invasion of Lebanon took place, the dissenters were holding press conferences, buying advertising space and writing letters to the press, and now they are beoming increasingly outspoken – and desperate. At one press conference, on 14 June, Professor Yeshayahu Leibowitz, a world-renowned expert on Judaism and one of Israel's most brilliant scholars, used the term 'Judeo-Nazi' to describe current Israeli government policies. 'We have already done what Hitler did in his first six years in power,' he said, adding that, if the right to self-determination of the Palestinians continued to be ignored, there would be 'periodic slaughters, internal disintegration and decay.' There were only two options, he believed: either to fight on to total destruction or to partition the country between the two peoples.

Challenged on the subject of Palestinian terrorism, Professor Leibowitz pointed out that Israel's present Foreign Minister was a member of the Stern gang who had murdered the UN mediator in Palestine, Count Bernadotte. At the same press conference the famous Israeli poet, Nathan Zach, spoke of Israel's 'final solution' to the Palestinian problem; he also said Israel had become 'ugly and barbarous' and, looking at its leaders, he was beginning to feel doubts about the justification for establishing a Jewish state.

More than two months ago, on 25 April, Professor Abraham Wasserstein wrote, in a letter to the independent daily *Ha' aretz*, that, as an Israeli who had been born and brought up in Germany and whose parents and sister had been murdered by the Nazis, he was aware that mass genocide did not happen overnight. It had begun in Nazi Germany with 'spontaneous' attacks on individual Jews, and 'German professors did not stand up and say they were ashamed of being governed by gangsters'. He added that he was ashamed of having a government that did not punish Jewish terrorists who attacked Arabs and which 'uses the Holocaust as a counter in its political haggling and calumniates those who disagree with it as anti-Semitic.'

Professor Wasserstein concluded: 'I want to be able to say to my grandchildren that we did not keep quiet like those "good" Germans. And I, therefore, ask you to publish this letter while we still have a free press.' *Ha'aretz* printed a number of replies supporting his letter which was also published in the *Jerusalem Post*.

One development which has caused Israel's ultra right-wing government much concern has been that officers who have served in the occupied territories have been publicly condemning what they describe as 'widespread and official brutality and violence'. At another press-conference, organised in May by the recently resurrected Peace Now movement, Major Benny Barabas from Tel Aviv and a number of other officers said it was now legitimate to treat Palestinian inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza with extreme cruelty. Reservists, they claimed, were ordered to shoot at and beat up people. A captain called Neria spoke of 'repression, humiliation, maltreatment and collective punishment.' Inhuman behaviour had become legitimised, he said: 'Soldiers are sent into (Arab) villages in the middle of the night. They drag people out of their homes, concentrate them in groups and assault them.'

Lieutenant Shuki Cohen said that, to the settlers in the occupied territories, 'Arabs are filth and even the settlers' small children speak in those terms.' Settlers have been 'entering (Palestinian) houses, beating people up, smashing their property and running riot.' Comparisons were made with Nazi treatment of Jews. 'Soon,' said Lieutenant Rami Avni, 'we will be lining all those people up against a wall and shooting them.'

Now, in a move which has caused further shock-waves in Israel, reservists who have just been demobbed after fighting in Lebanon have denounced the invasion and the 'appalling suffering inflicted on the civilian population'. At a demonstration in Jerusalem on 27 June in which 800 people took part, Professor Yehoshua Porath said the war had been unnecessary because the PLO had observed the ceasefire for a year. The government, according to Professor Dan Meron, has been 'disseminating lies and misinformation' in order to justify the invasion.

For the first time in Israel's history, women have inaugurated their own protest movement with a gathering in Jerusalem of 200 women dressed in mourning who sang protest and peace songs. The dissenters are still comparatively few in number, but the fact that they are giving voice as they are, and in the middle of a war, is likely to have as big an impact on the long-term future of the Israeli state as the immediate fate of the PLO in Beirut. □

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CHINA

Raising snakes boldly

JONATHAN MIRSKY looks at the reintroduction of incentives into Chinese agriculture

Jonathan Mirsky

Hubei peasant during 1981 drought: now required to get rich

LAST AUGUST, a lowly Communist Party official in Central China's Henan province spoke the previously unmentionable: 'The most fundamental measure for solving the problem of the excessive burden on the peasants,' said Liu Yuzhai, secretary of a prefectural Party branch, 'is to abolish the people's communes.'

Branch secretary Liu was not seeking instant martyrdom. No Chinese Party member, great or small, would advocate the dissolution of something so sacred without testing the wind. (There have been periods during the preceding decade when simply not bowing deeply enough before Mao's portrait could bring a ten-year sentence in far-western Xinjiang province, breaking rocks.)

The people's communes were one of Maoism's stoutest pillars, the foundation of Chinese agriculture. The country's 800 million peasants were distributed among 54,000 of them. Brought suddenly into being at Mao's command in 1958, the communes embodied the Chairman's vision of unlocked peasant energy, community and selflessness.

By the time that branch secretary Liu had launched his slender, but well-publicised missile, China's leading economists had been dissecting the shortcomings of the communes for some time. In its epochal 'Resolution' of June 1981, the Chinese Communist Party itself had judged them to be one of Mao's 'errors'; and an instance of his personal smugness and impatience.

After that Resolution it became possible officially to confirm that between 1958 and 1961 grain production had plummeted and the death-rate doubled. Millions starved to death, masses of rural folk abandoned their homes and, stupefied with hunger, stripped trees of their bark and ate the roots. Party secretary Liu's Henan province was described then as 'covered in darkness'.

Last year Henan was desiccated by drought and its 11 million peasants were unable to cultivate over one million arable acres. Goaded by the emergency and emboldened by the change in the political climate, Liu disclosed that until recently peasants, though they worked hard all the time, still went hungry, 'and were often not paid a penny at the end of the year'.

The communes since 1958 had embraced two functions: government administration at the sub-county level, and the organisation of agricultural effort. Now, in the recently published new draft constitution, their administrative function has been excised and handed back to the villages and towns. Peasants increasingly are to organise their own agricultural activities according to the 'responsibility system', under which very small units, even households, make a contract with the state to provide a given level of farm output, but then retain the surplus to dispose of at prices determined by them. The principle of free markets has been extended even to large projects, such as earth-moving and irrigation, which may soon be administered by specialised cooperatives, hiring the labour of poorer peasants.

Branch secretary Liu's low view of Mao's blueprint for the rural economy reflects that of Deng Xiaoping, whose world outlook has been characterised by one of his officials as 'if it works we call it socialism, if not, we say it's capitalism.'

Armed with this new and simple ideology, the Party today is urging peasants 'to get rich.' Peasant sidelines – fish and poultry rearing, handicrafts, services – are the rage; rural fairs, proscribed as 'capitalist tails' during the Cultural Revolution, have exploded back into life; private farming plots have soared from 7 per cent of the total arable land area to 15 per cent. Peasant families may now reserve some of their manpower wholly for private use, which gives large families an advantage, but inevitably hampers the birth control campaigns on which depend all hopes for modernisation.

Some peasants now earn the equivalent of over £600 per year, ten times the national average: they are media heroes. Indeed, entire villages have been elevated to the status of national models, though this is an honour which can suddenly backfire. The Cultural Revolution's paragon commune, Dazhai, has since been 'exposed' as a fraud run by a family of crooks (though it is always possible that the 'exposure' will in its turn be 'revealed' to have been a fraud). In one Anhui province village in central China the leader stables his 34 sheep in three cottages no longer suitable for his family, and lives in the three-room house he built during the Cultural Revolution, for which at the time he was labelled an 'upstart'. Now he proudly displays his sheep, chickens, 200 fruit trees, and his fishponds, rejections of Maoist austerity and sacrifice.

In the same village, a peasant has bought his own tractor, not long ago an impossible, even a seditious, dream. In the next village, once so poor that young people despaired of enticing marriage partners to move in, marriageable men and women are now regarded as wonderful catches by their neighbours.

What is worrying national leaders is the rapid progress among some farmers from initiative to greed to corruption. As the ideological journal *Red Flag* admitted in a recent editorial, the 'responsibility system' can lead to 'corruption and embezzlement, speculation and profiteering, smuggling and appropriating state property, all of them rampant in some places.'

BUT THE POLICY remains plain: 'The Chinese people want to get rich and their happy days for getting rich have already started. This is a trend which cannot be reversed', said the official *People's Daily* in April. Rural officials have been reprimanded in some areas for telling farmers that machines bought with surplus cash are illegal and that only collective labour is permitted. In fact, *Red Flag* adds, individual and small enterprises are too few and should be expanded. If some people get richer faster than others, the Party's ideological voice observes, it only demonstrates the truth of the Chinese version of Marx: 'To each according to his work.'

But there is resentment against the newly rich. In Fujian province, on the south-east coast, Party officials had to reassure a worried but successful snake farmer (snake gall bladders and bile are vital in certain traditional Chinese remedies) against whom envious local people had 'stirred up a cold wind'. The Party cadres told him 'to raise snakes boldly' and the restored entrepreneur then declared his 'determination to make even greater contributions to the state'.

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Farther north, in Hubei province, in a throwback to the frenzies of the Cultural Revolution, the local authorities rallied 1,000 accusers to harass a champion entrepreneur. Again the Party intervened to remind his neighbours that it 'is inevitable for some peasant households with favourable conditions to get rich first'.

So, as the Maoist dream of equality glimmers ever more faintly and the rural income gap widens, richer peasants will obtain more fertiliser and machinery to get still richer. As others equally surely grow poorer, it is likely that they will become in effect agricultural labourers. Since no Chinese individual 'owns' land, and the authorities will provide access to those who can work it best, China's leaders will avoid the embarrassing issues of landlordism. But poor peasants will be increasingly driven into the cities where unemployment is already running at over 10 per cent.

The hard fact remains that entrepreneurial peasants forcefeeding pigs, ducks, and fish and selling them at high prices to city dwellers, will not meet China's needs in the coming century, when the agricultural sector must simultaneously feed and provide the surplus for investment for industrialisation. The official infant mortality rate in rural areas has dropped from 200 per thousand in 1949 to the present 20 to 30 per thousand, a credit to China's primary health care. Yet, if these living children continued to breed at the present moderate average rate of one and a half or two children per rural family, the number of Chinese within a hundred years would equal the present population of the earth. The authorities admit that peasants resist the birth control drives. They appear to make little short-term economic sense to large families getting rich.

There now remains very little untilled arable land. In once grain-rich Shaanxi province in the north-west, for example, the population in 1949 was 13 million. It has now more than doubled on the same arable area. Although Shaanxi's grain output has doubled as well, the amount available per capita has dwindled. The World Bank estimates that already well over 100 million Chinese are badly fed.

Last year the official *People's Daily* conceded that 'the vast countryside is still in a state of semi-suffering and the amount of marketable grain is still insufficient for the non-agricultural population.' Grain shortfalls of only 10 per cent, always likely from drought or flood in continental China, could result in doubled food imports within a decade from an international market which is currently furnishing the Chinese with 15 million tons of grain annually. The *People's Daily* predicts such imports 'for a long time to come'.

It is not difficult in these circumstances to foresee a thickly populated Chinese countryside in which a thriving minority employs the rest in a drive to increase food production. That has throughout history been the traditional Chinese picture – except that the population was in the past much smaller. The past was also punctuated by periodic violence of the hungry majority, for whom selling a 'surplus' so that some people could get richer faster was an outrage which justified rebellion. □

FRANCE

Welfare star fades

As President Mitterrand starts to weed his new ministers, DIANA JOHNSTONE reports from Paris on the implications for the left

SOME MINOR SHIFTS in the French Cabinet mark a major sharpening of priorities at the end of Socialist Francois Mitterrand's first year as President. Expansion of the welfare state is being scrapped as the main motor of economic recovery. From now on, emphasis is on determined Government promotion of advanced technology.

The no doubt involuntary resignation of Nicole Questiaux as Minister of National Solidarity amounts to a decisive rejection of the attempt to move toward socialism by extending social benefits. In the early days of the Left coalition government, Madame Questiaux was in the forefront with measures to increase family allocations and lower the retirement age. She conceived of social security in terms of people's rights, and where others spoke of a deficit, she saw only appropriations that hadn't been made yet. Her star faded as it became clear that France this year was falling far short of the three per cent growth rate initially forecast by Socialist leaders. Planning Minister Michel Rocard recently declared that France had a 'social protection system beyond its means'. Madame Questiaux publicly contradicted him, insisting that the system could and should be improved. That was her last word.

Her job has been given the less sentimental title of Minister of Social Affairs and handed over to Pierre Beregovoy, up to now Mitterrand's secretary at the Elysée Palace. More of a political bargainer, he will have to work out less generous programmes with labour and management representatives.

Madame Questiaux belongs to the Socialist Party's left current, Ceres. She – and they – can theoretically console themselves by watching the rise of their faction's young leader, Jean-Pierre Chevènement. After a successful first year as Minister of Research and Technology, Chevènement has been given industry as well, becoming what the press calls 'Superminister' of a 'superministry.'

LAST YEAR, Mitterrand gave a ministry to just about everybody of any consequence in the Socialist Party. This year, he is apparently going to start weeding them out. In a government not exactly scintillating with brilliant innovations, Chevènement's national colloquium on research and technology stood out as a bold initiative. The unions praised the colloquium for getting employees involved in policy discussions, and at the same time Chevènement managed to win over a number of research mandarins, technocrats and executives initially hostile to a minister with such a radical reputation.

It is easy to see in Chevènement's recent statements in favour of 'rigour', and in his interviews postponing socialism to some later 'historical period', the classic evolution of Socialist Party left-wing leaders once they get into office. However, Chevènement has always been a French Jacobin through and through, who believes in the joint action of the State, enlightenment and progress. If he has ideas to match his ambitions, he takes over industry from tired old Pierre Dreyfus (the retired director of Renault) at just the right moment. The Socialists' nationalisations have been completed. The time has come for an industrial policy to use them.

ALL YEAR LONG, Chevènement has been seeking a merger of research and technology with industry along Japanese lines. His position is probably strengthened by the failure of the Versailles summit of the seven rich countries in early June. Mitterrand made what he considered a very important opening speech, calling for joint reflection and action on technological innovation and its impact on the world economy, employment, north-south imbalance and culture. The Americans did not respond. After smiling and waving to photographers to try to stay awake, Ronald Reagan went home and declared economic war on the European steel industry. Mitterrand is an ardent Atlanticist, who has gone out of his way to please Washington, but he is beginning to get annoyed.

The main target of the latest US measures against the Siberian gas pipeline is the French firm Alsthom, which has contracted to supply the Soviets with turbine rotors manufactured under licence from General Electric. The US ban on the deal may not stand up in court, but the French fear effective extra-legal retaliation, such as an American import ban on Alsthom products, if they go ahead.

As the economic war heats up, the Ministry of Industry has been put in the hands of one of the least pro-American of French Socialists, ready to lead the patriotic battle to reconquer the domestic market and mount the barricades of revolution – technological revolution that is. □

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DISARMAMENT

Protest into policy

DENIS MACSHANE reports from Brussels on the successes and failures of END's first Europewide convention

THE FIRST convention of the European Nuclear Disarmament campaign, which brought 800 delegates from 24 countries to Brussels, was a risky test of END's two-year-old manifesto.

At the heart of the problem was the need, expressed by Ken Coates, one of the mid-wives at END's birth, to bring together the 'protestors and the politicians'. The physical contact was certainly made but the gaps remained wide. In the coffee bar of the Brussels congress centre, put at END's disposal by the European Parliament, a lanky middle-aged Hampstead doctor dressed in a designer tee-shirt and sporting a shell necklace approached the neatly suited Ron Todd, tough and effective national organiser of the Transport and General Workers Union, who was leading a sizeable contingent of British trade unionists: 'I hope you don't mind my saying so old boy', said the protester to the trade unionist, 'but next time you speak to people in the peace movement you can leave out half of what you said. We know all that stuff already. Get to the meat right away. Much more effective, you know.' Todd was left spluttering as the Doctor left for further bridge-building missions. However, the TGWU man went back to London saying that he would try to create a European trade union group to work on ideas connected with conversion of the arms industry to socially useful production. The presence of Swedish and Italian metalworkers' unions and the enthusiastic reception of papers by Mary Kaldor and Mike Cooley on conversion projects signalled a specific European link between the peace movement and the trade unions which had hitherto been absent.

The much-heralded meeting between Tony Benn and Rudolf Bahro was a disappointment. This was partly because it was held in a sweaty, crowded hall where a television set showing the Germany-Spain World Cup match proved a strong counter-attraction, but it was also due to a large gap between Bahro's ecology-based, anti-party idea of 'new politics' and Benn's insistence on the need to begin the process of securing disarmament in Europe through the election of a Labour government committed to present conference policies.

'I'm sorry, Rudolf,' Benn muttered to Bahro after the round-table discussion was over, 'I couldn't understand all that you said because my interpreting headset didn't work'. But the gap in comprehension was more than a question of poor technology. Benn was not present at the end of the convention when Bahro denounced NATO, to which Labour is committed, and attacked Labour's sister party in West Germany, the SPD. Nor was he there when Bahro suggested that the way to shape future END policy was to distribute thousands of questionnaires among members of the peace movement asking what should be done next – an idea borrowed from our own Social Democratic Party.

The lack of any substantial French presence was keenly felt. Mitterrand's affirmation of French nuclear weaponry, strongly endorsed by the French Communist Party, is the single biggest breach in the nuclear disarmament campaign in Europe. There was a 250,000-strong demonstration in Paris three weeks ago but its targets were American and Soviet missiles rather than the *force de frappe*.

Nor was there any effective presence of peace campaigners from Warsaw Pact countries. The END organisers had debated hard whether to invite the official peace organisations from East Europe but decided against it, on the ground that such groups are state controlled and widely discredited inside most East European states.

But who, then, to invite? It would be dangerous (and, from the point of view of obtaining passports, virtually impossible) for an East German Christian activist or an underground Solidarity worker, or dissenters from Budapest or Prague to appear at such a convention and explain why the people of East Europe want a reduction in arms expenditure and a removal of Soviet domination. Yet since one of the main purposes of END is to build links with East Europe some attempts have to be made. The 1983 convention will take place in Berlin and, according to Stuart Holland MP, the END Liaison Committee will consider inviting representatives of the official peace organisations in East Europe as well as unofficial peace activists, so that both may participate at Berlin.

Conventions such as this one always take place in a time capsule of their own and delegates missed two small items that appeared in the newspapers while they were in session. The first was a statement by Ken Gill, general secretary of the British engineers' union, TASS, to the effect that the British P-110 military aircraft had to find a major customer by the end of this year or 50,000 jobs would be at risk. The second was that Andreas Papandreou, Greece's Socialist Prime Minister, had shelved his plan to convert the Balkans into a nuclear free zone. □

THIRD WORLD

Dacca curbs drug companies

Bangladesh is seeking to control the multinationals' abuse of the pharmaceuticals market, reports AMRIT WILSON

EIGHT MULTINATIONAL drug companies last month unexpectedly ran foul of the Bangladeshi government. This uncharacteristically tough line involved the banning of no fewer than 1,742 medicines manufactured by the companies. It also stopped multinationals from importing drugs of simple technology like antacids and vitamins; and ended 'third party licensing', under which a company without a factory in Bangladesh licenses a local company to make its brand-name product.

Bangladesh consumes nearly £48 million worth of medicines each year. An incredible 70 per cent of this goes on preparations described as therapeutically useless by the British National Formulary or by the Federal Drug Administration (USA). The British multinational Glaxo, for example, markets 51 products of which only a third are to be found on the WHO's Essential Drugs list. Fisons, also British, markets 31 products of which only five are listed in UK MIMS of January 1982. Organon, a Dutch multinational, markets Orabolin, an anabolic steroid which causes masculinisation and eventually stops bone growth. It is being marketed as a raspberry-flavoured liquid especially for younger children and infants suffering from malnutrition and appetite loss, and was formerly used in hospitals and sold freely over the counter.

To combat these practices, in 1972 Dr Zafrullah Chowdhury set up a People's Health Centre (Gonosasthya Kendra) which trained and sent out 'barefoot doctors' to rural areas. The centre required cheap essential drugs and so a factory, Gonosasthya Pharmaceuticals Ltd (GPL), was set up using money borrowed from western charities. GPL found that they could sell drugs for 50-65 per cent of the price charged by multinational companies and still make a 10-15 per cent profit. But when GPL offered tenders to the government (to supply hospitals and clinics) in 1981, the multinationals formed a cartel to undercut them. For each drug tendered by GPL there was at least one multinational tender asking a lower price. Only one GPL tender was not undercut; it had been submitted at the last moment without the knowledge of the foreign companies and was half the price of its closest competitor, Hoescht.

By April this year a lobby against multinational drug practices had built up which the government could no longer ignore. An expert committee was set up to review all registered or licensed pharmaceutical products and to formulate a National Drug Policy in order to protect consumers and help national companies. The Committee reported in June and most of its findings are now to be implemented by Martial Law Order. As many as 247 medicines are to be banned immediately and 1,495 in the next six months. The recommendations of the committee include the crucially important control of patents and the manufacture of products under generic name only. Meanwhile the multinationals are rallying their supporters. Last week in Dacca, US Ambassador Coon approached Army Chief Ershad to reconsider the National Drug Policy. □

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DIARY

Christopher Price

I am pleased that over the Falklands inquiry the Prime Minister has joined those of us who have been campaigning for some time now against the 30 year rule on disclosure of cabinet papers. When it looked as though international capitalism might be on trial in the projected inquiry into Rhodesian sanctions busting, we had this from her as Leader of the Opposition in December 1978:

> We note what the Prime Minister said about Cabinet papers, but is he aware that many of us are deeply and gravely concerned at any breach of the 30 year rule . . .

Then of course she hushed the whole story up, once she was in government. But *her* principles were never in doubt: they are a function of her perception of narrow Party advantage. It is Ted Heath's that are so much more interesting. He is against governments examining the papers of their predecessors – he went into the subject in rather greater detail in that Rhodesia sanctions debate, quoting with warm approval a recent select committee report:

> The Select Committee demonstrated quite clearly that the rule exists. It is moreover more accurate – or perhaps explains it more fully – by describing it as 'the papers of its predecessor of a different party'.

So the true position seems to be that she ought to ask Jim and Harold but doesn't need to ask Ted. But Ted, of course, would beg to differ. The reason for his fury last week was clear. He doesn't want her investigating *his* cabinet papers because he no longer regards himself as a member of *her* political Party.

She's getting into a muddle over the Falklands inquiry, partly because she's so bad at handling patronage – she thinks she can hire loyal clients, whereas in fact she has few friends among the Great and the Good. Moreover having come in on an anti-quango crusade, she's now letting her ministers manipulate the old ones and create new ones left, right and centre. A bevvy of Tory Health Authority chairmen have been rustled up – they've had to go to Sevenoaks to find one for Lewisham. Brand new quangos are springing up like lettuces – mental health, local government audit, school examinations, in spite of the efforts of that doughty quango hunter, Philip Holland, the Tory MP for Carlton, to keep the epidemic under some sort of control. As chairman of the Committee on Selection, he has more influence than anyone else over the composition of the standing committees which create all these new patronage-ridden bodies. When the Tory whips try to pack them with safe folk, he can always inject a few rebels. He really must try harder next year.

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The government have also got into a muddle over local government. Michael Heseltine's Local Government (No 2) Bill has now become the (No 14) Bill and is trying to struggle through the Commons with more afterthought amendments from the Lords. In attacking Labour 'high spenders' they have rubbished the whole local government machine and are now desperate for some rate reduction gimmick. They've rejected local income tax and sales tax, and have settled on a massive switch of education spending from rates to taxation. (If at all possible rate reductions before the election, tax increases afterwards.) They're also trying to sell the idea that this will be a method of maintaining educational 'standards'; wherein they're also muddled. For it's just those Tory shires – Norfolk, Wiltshire, Somerset – which Heseltine has been congratulating for holding down the rates, that Keith Joseph's inspectors have been castigating for putting the children's educational standards at risk.

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There are over 400 of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Education; and only four Inspectors of Constabulary – who of course are relegated to the provinces and firmly forbidden to inspect that Force which needs their services more patently than any other – the Metropolitan Police. The Met's accountability rests on two quaint myths – that the Home Secretary controls them and that Parliament controls the Home Secretary. The two current scandals which Parliament, if it had any control, ought to be investigating are Operation Countryman and supergrasses. But since there is almost invariably some crucial case before the Courts on both issues, the sub judice gag applies. Discussion of specific instances is forbidden and only general remarks are possible. So I shall try to state a general truth: where surplus venture capital exists, generated by quasi-legal or illegal activities, certain policemen will always ensure that they get some of it invested in their own complicity. A string of convictions over the past two decades has shown this to be true of pornography, prostitution and drugs; it is inevitable that some of the surplus earned by criminal thieves will find its way into the same direction. The temptation for rich criminals to buy reduced sentences – often at the cost of accusing someone quite innocent – is just too great. The device has outlived its usefulness and should be discontinued.

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Now I'm over 50 and a grandfather, I feel a trifle old from time to time; but I'm enormously heartened by the thought of a contemporary captaining Yorkshire. I was something of a record-book addict in my younger days and always believed that Wilfred Rhodes would be the only Yorkshireman to span 30 years on the field and still play aged 50. Ray Illingworth was always the least extrovert of Yorkshire's brightest 1950s trio – Brian Close, Freddie Trueman and himself. But he's done far more for the game than either of the other two. I hope he stays on as captain for a year or two; he might even stimulate a new generation of the native talent that seems unaccountably to have gone missing for the past 20 years.

ROGER WOODS

Howe to get rich

Sir Geoffrey Howe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has announced plans to extend 'privatisation' to large areas of social policy, including the health service.

His eyes are those of a boa constrictor,
Lovingly coiling towards its prey;
His tongue flicks ceaselessly, as if to say:
'From out of the goodness of our hearts
We make a meal of the public sector,
And stand erect in our private parts.'

The noblest pursuit of man is plunder,
Our dearest right is the right to rob;
Those who are sick of looking for a job
Should go to Harley Street when they are ill;
The greatest good for the smallest number
Means having the means to pay the bill.

Good husbandry makes use of its resources,
Free enterprise is anything but free;
God, who's a socialist, may make a tree,
But it takes a clever sod to export cars;
If only we could look to market forces
To package the air and charge for the stars!

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ In choosing a name, parents confer a character upon their child which it is hard to shrug off. When Mr and Mrs Weighell chose Sid, and Mr and Mrs Buckton went for Ray, they surely intended them for trade unionists. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

☐ John Hartley, aged 42, of Harrow, north-west London, was given a year's conditional discharge by Mansion House magistrates yesterday after he admitted stealing the book of Epistles from St Paul's Cathedral. He said he wanted something to read. – *The Times* (S. K. Milne)

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LETTERS

The price of idealism

Thomas Wilkinson, Frauenlobplatz 5, Mainz, Germany

Christopher Price, in his Diary (*NS* 25 June), amazes me with what must certainly be one of the smuggest pieces of middle-class commentary I've ever seen in the *NS*. He may well be accurate in his assessment of Militant but a policy of 'buy them a pint and watch them grow up', is not only condescending, it characterises the *entire* spectrum of adult political behaviour.

I am neither a Militant supporter nor a Labour supporter but I find the false maturity latent in those who see politics as the exclusive domain of childbearers, local councillors, and mortgage-holders quite repulsive. Such cynical pragmatism on the Left and Right should annoy anyone considering an active rôle in his country's affairs.

If it is true that the 'real, grown-up world' neutralises revolutionary youth, such a situation is no defence for Mr Price or the *NS*. I should think that socialists would be the first to reject an adult life which ensures that innovation, boldness, and individual dedication will be quashed.

Militant may be a misguided or 'fashionable' orientation for Labour youth. However, the answer to Militant is not threats of stifling, bourgeois adulthood but a serious alternative ideology and method. Neither of the mainstream parties have offered anything resembling either. Until adults dispose of some 'precious realism' with which the dynamics of socialism have been halted can we really expect energetic youth to do serious things?

Showing his colours

Cllr Diane Abbot, P.O. Box 240, Westminster City Hall, London SW1

I was interested in Frank Field's response to your very sensible leader about the current hue and cry against the Militant (Letters 2 July). He revealed what is apparently his priority as a socialist, i.e. 'getting new groups of voters putting their crosses against the names of Labour candidates'.

The trouble with this view of the Labour Party – that it is just a machine for getting voters out at election time – is that inherent in it is a certain contempt for party members, the wider electorate and socialism. And that contempt is part of the reason why Labour Parties in places like Merseyside have been allowed to dwindle away to nothing so that the Militant seems disproportionately important.

The Militant can't be blamed for the problems of inner city Labour Party machine politics which never encouraged genuine mass participation in the first place. Perhaps, if Mr Field spent less time attacking the left in general and more time working with local people in Merseyside to build healthy local parties, the Militant there would dwindle to the role it occupies in most local Labour parties and all strong ones; at worst a nuisance and at best insignificant.

Wrongheaded again?

Gordon Brotherston, 2 The Dale, Wivenhoe, Essex

Whose side are you on? The headline for Ann Martin's visit to Prague 'Why the peace campaign stops at the iron curtain' (*NS* 25 June), has all the hallmarks of Ministry of Defence propaganda.

Under highly repressive regimes and at great personal risk, many thousands of people in east Europe have through this last year made public their rejection of the nuclear 'defence' policies of both the USA and the USSR. This is certainly true of the movement led by the church in East Germany, and of the medical profession within the Soviet Union itself.

Also your reporter, along with her Czech acquaintance, persistently fails to distinguish between peace and disarmament in general, and nuclear disarmament in particular. They also fail to distinguish between old ideas of nuclear 'deterrence' and modern doctrines of 'flexible response', which can mean nothing other than suicide for Europe, in any circumstances.

In our deadly predicament as Europeans, to use a headline such as yours would be unhelpful at the best of times; given the contents of the article it is irresponsible and absurd.

Peace film progress

Frank Allaun MP, Lord Jenkins of Putney, c/o House of Commons, London SW1

Owing to a combination of circumstances we regret that Peter Watkins cannot now go ahead with his intention to film a successor to 'The War Game'. Peter may return to the project later, but the sponsors feel that a film should be made without delay.

We therefore propose to devote most of the money we have received (exceeding £20,000) to a less ambitious anti-nuclear war film.

If the plan for Peter Watkins to return to the idea materialises we shall hope to make a contribution to this film as well.

Any comment should be sent within a fortnight to Frank Allaun MP, House of Commons, SW1.

We are deeply grateful to contributors for their generous response.

Casting votes

Gordon Prentice, Deputy Leader of the Labour Group, Town Hall, King Street, London W6

The Representation of the People Act needs a radical overhaul following the result last week of the Hammersmith Election Court where Anthony Cripps QC ruled that free football tickets distributed by a candidate at election times was not a corrupt practice.

Cripps, whose son Jeremy was the Tory candidate at the 1979 General Election, said that the Tory Mayor, Bill Smith, must have realised that the free tickets would increase his popularity and help him at the election.

But the dominant motivation of Smith – a Director of Queens Park Rangers whose ground is in the ward he was contesting – was 'kindness' which although 'unwise in the circumstances' was not corrupt.

Clearly, the RPA should now be amended to outlaw specifically 'acts of charity' in an election period. If not, Labour candidates and others who are in no position to make gifts to the electorate will always be at a disadvantage – especially when they are fighting crucially important marginal wards, as was the case here, where a mere handful of votes can make all the difference.

We have been ordered to pay all the costs – about £8,000. This is an enormous sum for the local Labour Party to find and readers who want to help should send anything they can afford to the Secretary of the Hammersmith North Labour Party at 446 Uxbridge Road, London W12.

NHS pay dispute

Duncan Chalmers, Dorothy Mansfield, Rose Parkhurst, Joan Thurlow, Lilian Wilcox, Shopfloor members, NALGO Eastern District Social Services Dept, 5th Floor, Eros House, Brownhill Road, London SE6

We are NALGO members who are appalled at the Government's attitude to the National Health Service pay dispute. Health workers provide a very caring service, often in difficult and unpleasant conditions and with little recognition of the varied and demanding tasks they carry out.

For the National Health Service to have a viable future, there is a glaring need for increased resources rather than cuts and closures and for recognition of staff dedication in terms of realistic pay levels. This would enable NHS staff to afford to live on NHS salaries rather than having to leave the service to work privately.

It seems incredible that money cannot be found to make a settlement in line with inflation levels. It is clear that there are facilities for monies to be found when the need dictates, as in the recent Falklands situation, with the cost of sending and maintaining a Task Force in the South Atlantic.

We are aware that we could show solidarity with Health Service colleagues by taking industrial action and attending public meetings and marches. However, in this instance, as many Health Service workers taking industrial action are in financial difficulties, we felt it preferable to show our support by 'Working for free' on the recent day of action by donating our salaries to the Hardship Fund. We are taking this opportunity to ask readers to consider taking similar constructive action in support of the Health Service Workers, and are sure that readers' local NHS Action Committees will be pleased to receive such support.

Information wanted

Alan Bold has been authorised to edit for publication a selection of the letters of Hugh MacDiarmid and would like to hear from any *NS* readers who corresponded with the poet and have letters they could let him print in his book. Contact Alan Bold at Balbirnie Burns, East Cottage, near Markinch, Glenrothes, Fife KY7 6NE.

NS distribution during rail strike

We are making every effort to distribute the NS normally during the current rail strike and hope most out-of-London readers will receive their copies on time (London copies are not affected). However, please bear with us if your copy is late arriving at your newsagents or through the post.

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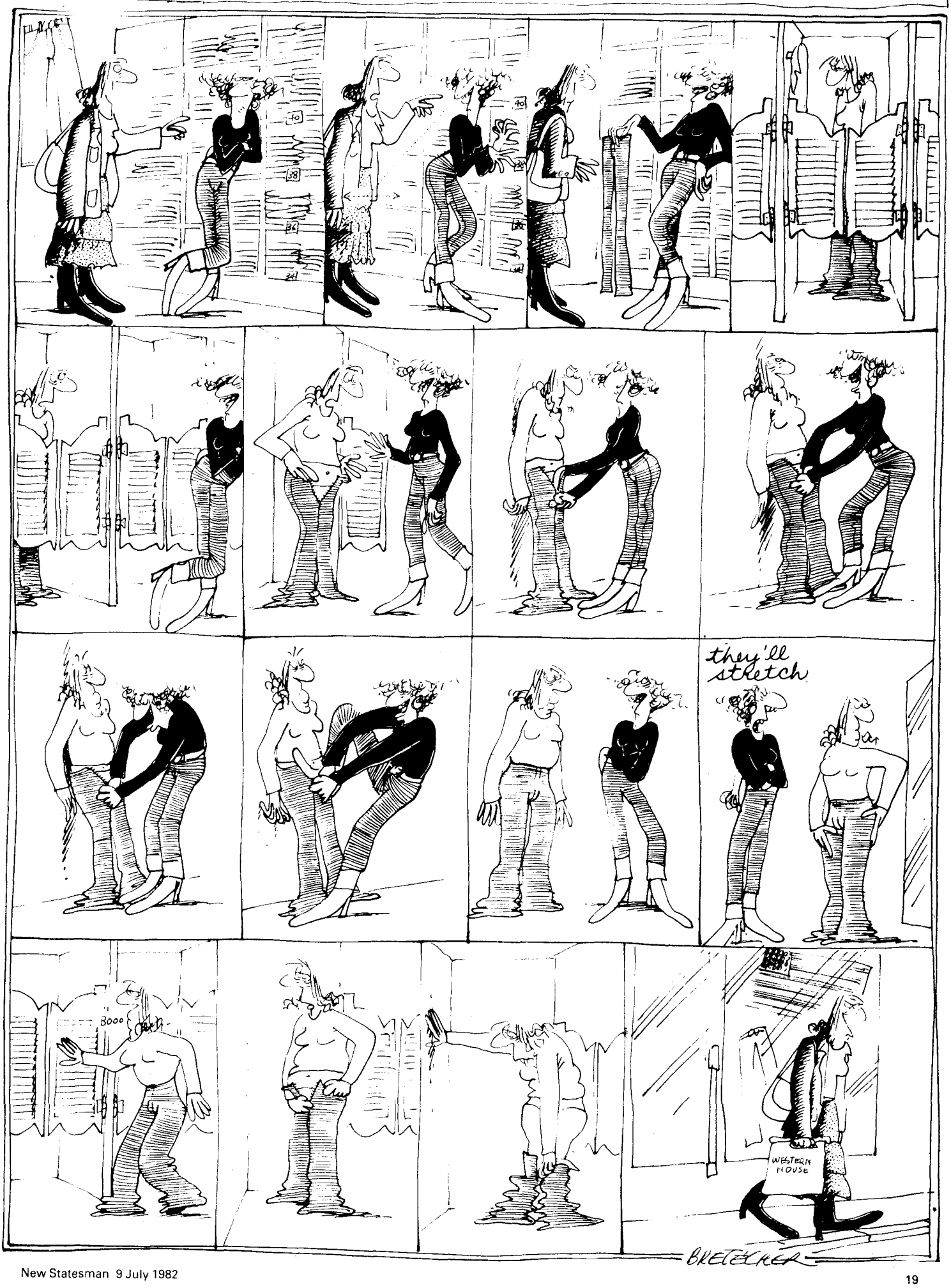
BRETECHER

SIZE TWELVE?



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Being up to date

R. W. JOHNSON points out some problems involved in writing books about whole societies

IT IS instructive to consider the literary genealogy of this book. The idea that a comprehensive account of an entire society can be assembled within two covers is, of course, absurd. The notion that such a feat can be achieved by a single man adds ambition to absurdity. And yet de Tocqueville achieved it. Nearly 150 years on, *Democracy in America* not only reads freshly but remains a most profound exploration of American mass society. Indeed, the passage of time only heightens de Tocqueville's achievement, for it remains permanently contemporary.

The trouble about those who perform extraordinary achievements is that they are invariably followed by a host of imitators of far more ordinary talents. De Tocqueville was, in that sense, indirectly responsible for the great outpouring of 19th-century books attempting to define the 'national character' of this or that country. Almost all of these books were eminently forgettable and, indeed, forgotten. It is a rare man indeed who can capture the spirit of a country and the common failing of this genre was its propensity to make strong, subjective statements based on an approach which was literary to the point of factlessness.

After the Second World War this genre was transformed and re-launched by the American journalist John Gunther, with his long list of *Inside* books. The idea now was to adopt a modern journalistic style, with a large number of facts, telling interviews with key people, and 'insightful' aperçus from everyday life. If Gunther was inside, say Afghanistan, you could be sure that he would find Ali the camel-driver who would pithily sum things up. Not only would Ali opine wisely but, happily, would do it in just the sort of language which registered with the middle American, middle-brow book clubs who bought Gunther's works in such prodigious numbers. In a word, although each new Gunther was inevitably hailed as 'timely', what they really were was *TIME*ly. Not surprisingly, Gunther's star waned gradually, though not before he'd made a fortune from his craft and shown the potentiality of a modern journalistic approach to the old 'country book' phenomenon.

The torch then passed to Anthony Sampson, whose *Anatomy of Britain* set a whole new standard. Sampson's work really was encyclopaedic and contained real facts about just about everything, all woven together in a penetrating but easy-to-read style. Ardagh has now become to France what Sampson was to Britain. Like Sampson, Ardagh is a far more educated, talented and thoughtful journalist than Gunther, and, like Sampson's, his repeated new editions are comprehensive, well-written and invaluable.

THE new form of the genre has its problems, though. Traces of Guntherism remain in the shape of occasionally obtrusive first-person reporting and rather pat judgments. Take Ardagh on the 'modern French girl', for example:

> She detests the penis-envying extremists, she does not want to be an amazon in the Crusades. She still wants to be serenaded by her troubadour – but not kicked around by him.

It's all good clean fun – in just two sentences we get penis-envy, kicking, serenades, troubadours, amazons and Crusades. It's all over and we're on to the next topic before we begin to wonder what on earth amazons have to do with the Crusades or even whether 'the modern French girl' exists.

More significant, though, are the new problems of this genre. In a word, it is obsessed with two things, facts and up-to-dateness. And facts are treacherous things – they change, making you Out of Date. This is only a good thing in that it means that you and your publishers make a lot of money out of repeated new editions. (What would one have thought of de Tocqueville having to bring out major revisions of *Democracy in America* every few years?) But the best immediate defence is to be wary about the process whereby one fact changes into another. Such processes are called trends and one spots them. This trend-spotting quickly becomes almost a neurosis.

To be fair, Ardagh had the worst luck imaginable with the first version of this book, *The New French Revolution*. Just as it appeared in 1968 the May Events broke out. Ardagh was then in the impossible position of having written a splendid book about one 'revolution', while quite another revolution was breaking out, one which neither he nor anyone else had foreseen. A trauma such as that can only add to the

France in the 1980s by JOHN ARDAGH *Secker* £15 *Penguin* £4.95

Plus ça change . . .

Camera Press

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neurotic need to catch trends before they catch you. In this latest version Ardagh seems haunted by the possibility that the Mitterrand victory of 1981 will render his work instantly obsolescent, and so he tries to leave politics out as much as possible. He needn't worry; his book stands up well and it's all there: the Plan, the prefects, the Grandes Ecoles, Renault, Citroën, Dassault, the young farmers, the regions, ecology, Catholic decline, the monster Paris, *la nouvelle cuisine, la nouvelle droite,* TV, hypermarkets and the problems of the French novel. All there.

The second problem is directly related to the first. The obsession with trends, even with fashion, and the need to be Up to Date often breeds a somewhat undiscriminating enthusiasm for a decidedly technocratic modernity. Sampson came up with the interesting/fashionable judgment that no one much had power in Britain, that power was just dribbling away and dissolving in endless committees. Ardagh's earlier versions were in part a hymn of praise to the French technocracy. (Now he's had some doubts about this: 'the mood of the French has been changing', he says. Perhaps technocracy never was *that* marvellous?)

The trouble is that some things don't change, or not quickly enough to suit the 'need' for a new edition every few years. American students to whom I used to recommend Sampson's book were invariably shocked that they got from it so little a sense of the enduring power of social class: arriving in Britain as true *naifs* they were staggered to find how strong class distinction and feeling still were. Similarly, one suspects British or American students taking Ardagh too seriously about the modern French girl will end up getting laughed at or their faces slapped. No doubt one's publishers would not thank one for saying that power in Britain is now more securely in the hands of the upper-middle classes than at any time since 1939. Or that modern French girls are not that different from their mothers. Such statements are boring, hackneyed and don't sell books. They have, though, the merit of substantial truth. Whether in 'Britain Today' or 'France in the 1980s' some things do, uncomfortably, endure.

In a way all this is unfair. If de Tocqueville had merely recited the everyday facts of America, 1835, his book would not have lasted long either. And probably no one can or should try to follow him today and try to write about the social 'character' of an entire nation. Perhaps the goal of permanent relevance is simply beyond us now. And yet, and yet . . . if one sets out to write a definitive study of a society, should all these revised editions be necessary? How will we regard Ardagh (1982) when Ardagh (1986) comes out? Ardagh touches, briefly, on Régis Debray's tirade against what has happened to modern intellectuals faced with the media's unrelenting demand for the immediate, the repeatedly new. It is difficult to believe he has taken him to heart, or to stop Debray from having the last word: '. . . now, it is always now. Goodbye memory – if the present can do without memories, why should the future burden itself with a past?' □

LITERATURE: Paul Binding

In the remove

The Heirs of Tom Brown: The English School Story by ISABEL QUIGLY *Chatto* £12.50

It is as difficult to think of a literary genre with which to compare the English public school story as it is to think of parallels for the public schools themselves. The genre's true begetter, Thomas Hughes, wrote of his *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1858):

> My sole object in writing was to preach to boys . . . I can't see that a man has any business to write at all unless he has something which he . . . wants to preach about.

Nevertheless, despite these words, Hughes cannot adequately be called a propagandist, and even less so can the best of his many successors. This is because they all stand in a most curious relation to both their subject-matter and their readers; Hughes and, in differing ways, Farrar, Baines Reed, Kipling, Vachell, Ian Hay are advocates rather than preachers.

The Arnoldian public schools were not the planned creations of a state or an institutional church, even though they may now seem to have served both with an alarmingly unquestioning devotion. Obviously the schools changed as Britain developed and consolidated its imperial power; equally obviously they perpetuated ideas, customs, systems, regardless of what was happening in the rest of the world. But I think it cannot be enough stressed that they were, even in the heyday of Imperialism, independent of Authority; the morality they often so suffocatingly upheld was generated by the class they catered for and did not proceed from the prescriptions of any external ruling body, as was the case, say, with German military academies or Jesuit seminaries. This meant that English public schools not only exhibited but *admitted* the tensions and conflicts within the upper and middle classes. And so did those writers who took school life as their theme.

It is this that gives the most clumsily written and creakingly plotted books of the genre that Isabel Quigly has taken for analysis their peculiar intensity. Friendships, cricket matches, bullying, cribbing, the problems presented by misfits, these are viewed by the authors as matters of supreme importance, for a boy's behaviour to a friend or his performance on the games field may determine his whole future, and with it, how he fares after this life. Because, with a few exceptions – Kipling, Wodehouse – no major creative talent applied itself to the school story, through books in this genre we come about as close as we can to appreciating the aspirations, certainties and uncertainties of the most powerful class in what was then the most powerful country in the world. The importance of Isabel Quigly's subject to anyone wanting to understand British culture today – as well as in the past – cannot be over-estimated.

After an account of the growth of the Arnoldian school and of its subsequent deviation from important principles (by, among others, Arnold himself), she works outwards from the books to build up a picture of the values and *mores* of a class in its ascension, in its years of apparently unassailable power, and in its detectable decline (a period lasting from 1858 to the 1920s). Her ability to do this relates to her shrewdness and intentness as a literary critic. By examining the style, the characterisation and the plot structure of *individual books*, she reveals the credos, hopes, fears and weaknesses not only of their authors but of their readership. She never surrenders to the temptation of treating the books under discussion as *kitsch;* she never over-rates their often extremely limited literary merits, yet always pays them the compliment of treating them as seriously as the writers intended them. Disagreement with Ms Quigly can only be personal. For me she rather undervalues Dean Farrar *(Eric, or Little by Little,* 1859); for all the near-hysterical floridity of too much of his writing, he surely provides, in context, a refreshingly passionate and individual-centred vision of life. Ms Quigly's dissections of Anstey's *Vice Versa* (1882), Kipling's *Stalky and Co* (1899) and Arnold Lunn's *The Harrovians* (1913) are, on the other hand, quite masterly.

Isabel Quigly, then, is as just a writer as could be desired for such a survey. Nevertheless, her portrait of public school culture and its dissemination in both a larger and a later world is exceedingly depressing, and justifiably so. Anti-intellectual, ritual-obsessed, cultivating active exclusiveness (of classes, cultures and the opposite sex), worshipping male physical prowess and beauty both on and off the games field to a degree little short of insane, hypocritical in their position over religion, the public schools have a very, very great deal to answer for.

Can one indeed take away from Isabel Quigly's so carefully built up picture *anything* to make us grateful for this particular legacy? I think we can. First, the existence, indeed the tacit acceptance, in school after school, story after story, of maverick and awkward individuals testifies not only to diversity within the British upper and middle classes but to their ultimate stubborn maintenance of and belief in it. Second, those intense special friendships between boy and boy which dominate so many books confirm one's belief in the English capacity for peculiarly deep emotional attachments, a capacity they have been so anxious to deny.

E. M. Forster, who detested public schools, accused them of responsibility for the English 'underdeveloped heart'. Yet for the majority of these writers relationship to school was nothing if not an affair of the heart. One can only hope that when a more classless and open Britain emerges, the hearts of its people can be attached with the same commitment to wider causes, to a larger range of persons. There are still lessons to be learned from the heirs of Tom Brown. And one could not do better than learn them from Isabel Quigly's study, a model of its kind, in its intelligence, its compassion, its unflinching moral honesty. □

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CRICKET: Russell Davies

Artilleryman

Phoenix from the Ashes by MIKE BREARLEY *Hodder & Stoughton* £7.95

It was quite a surprise when, a couple of weeks ago, a Yorkshire crowd managed to make Mike Brearley lose his rag. Any two or three Yorkshiremen gathered together can be infuriating, it's true, and these had boringly jeered Brearley for taking what they regarded as a dubious catch. But when Brearley sprinted over to the troublemakers and (allegedly) bellowed 'What do you know about it? Go home!', he was perhaps not living up to his own highest standards, either of psychological strategy or of verbal repartee.

One can only imagine that his intensive psychoanalysis, begun in 1979, had reached, or belatedly thrown up, some sort of crisis. Analysands habitually talk – it's a semi-obligatory jargon – in terms of 'getting in touch with' various parts of themselves, and a more or less literal touchiness is the inevitable result. Throughout his book on the England-Australia series of 1981, Brearley takes a detectable pride in those moments when he succeeded in expressing an aggression he would once have stifled. It doesn't always strike the neutral observer as the best policy to have adopted; but you have to keep remembering that the training Brearley has 'undergone' (not a word he favours) makes him subject to certain imperatives that haven't much to do with the rest of us.

If the production of interesting books is any sign, then England captains are in a good phase. This seems to be Brearley's third effort, and Bob Willis, the captain in the current series, has produced a couple of worthwhile volumes too. Cricket, you might think, has become a game for rational analysts, psychic investigators, thinking men in general. But the game itself has ways of finding its own balance between mental cultivation and brute instinct. You can't put too much faith in thought-cultivation when the player everyone wants to see is a strapping bully of a fellow called Botham, the complications of whose public personality do not extend much beyond those of the hedgehog – prickly when prodded.

Brearley, to his credit, admits his debt: in terms of actual bat-wielding and ball-propulsion, the winner of the series in question was Botham (with most significant help from Willis, and, at odd but vital moments, from Dilley, Emburey and Old). But while Botham has the fire-power of a siege-gun, he can't be relied upon to point himself at the enemy's most vulnerable quarter. He has to be carefully trained on his opponents, and touched off at the right time. Brearley has repeatedly proved that he has this artilleryman's talent, and in a foreword even Botham concedes the fact ('He makes better communication with players than any other captain I've known'). What Botham still isn't conceding is that his own tenure of the England captaincy destroyed his form. Just conceivably, he is right: maybe there was some private or domestic reason why his talents submerged themselves during this time. All the same, it would be a relief to all – including himself – if he did at least admit that the captaincy didn't help. Sticking to the coincidence theory just looks graceless.

Good inside-story cricket books give you a) tactical information you couldn't readily deduce from the boundary-side, and b) some insight into the way cricket slots into the various lives who are professionally concerned in it. In both these areas, Brearley's book is strong. One gets a nice sense of the dressing-room hierarchies and peeves; the joy of spending the rest-days lounging on somebody's distant, rank, un-Test-like lawn; the purgatorial programme of a 6.30 am psychoanalysis session *before* the drive to the game (Brearley once fell asleep in the car-park); and the understandable post-match depression, usually inaugurated by those dreadful award ceremonies insisted on by sponsors ('half the people present would have been drinking steadily since lunchtime' says Brearley, pointedly).

The occasional crisis blows up, and some remain unresolved, like the mystery of the team-changes leaked to the *News of the World*. I must say I'm surprised this doesn't happen more often. Cricketers have strong opinions and are no rivals to civil servants when it comes to discretion. I remember meeting Alec Bedser, then Chairman of Selectors, on a radio programme during the very series Brearley is writing about. Discreet on the air to an almost sinister degree – Alec and his brother Eric were like a pair of old Suffolk horses yoked together – the Chairman became almost expansive afterwards. Somebody brought up the rumour that there was something wrong with Boycott's back. 'There's something wrong with his head!' came Bedser's smartly off-driven reply.

The star turns in the book, of course, are the Third and Fourth Tests, Headingley and Edgbaston, which England won from wildly improbable and highly unlikely positions respectively. I was struck down throughout this period by a nameless virus, causing the patient weirdly high temperatures and lassitude but little other discomfort. It meant I was stranded in front of the TV for a fortnight. This is the only experience I can personally cite that might imply the existence of a benign Providence. Brearley's book is a fitting receptacle for such happy memories; and, if a clinching truth is required, it comes in his closing pages. 'I have', Brearley writes, 'no inclination to play in South Africa. In my view, it is only by the ban on international sport with that country that . . . desirable changes have taken place.' Is everybody listening, or is the rattle of Krugerrands too loud? □

REFERENCE: Ian Miles

What on earth

World View 1982: An Economic and Geopolitical Yearbook edited by FRANCIS WHEEN *Pluto Press* £5.95

Pluto are to be congratulated for bringing us an English-language version of this yearbook at last, and one can only hope that it is sufficiently a commercial success to enable them to keep the promise of making this an annual publication. Maspero's French-language original is popular in many countries; time will tell if English insularity proves resistant to this attractive package of statistics, maps, and political-economic resumés and overviews.

The aim of *World View 1982* is to be an authoritative international political yearbook, yet one that is partisan to progressive movements around the world. In this it succeeds remarkably well. In a project of this nature there are bound to be disagreements over what is, or is not, included. The pace of events means that there is hardly any background given relevant to, for example, the Falklands/Malvinas war, and that it is not as up to date as one might hope. Nevertheless, this is a uniquely valuable source of material.

By far the longest sections contain articles and statistics on, first, 33 'major countries' and then 35 regions. In each case there is an attempt to identify principal political and economic questions and to give a general picture of social trends, using similar statistics where possible. For once there is a clear discussion of some limitations of the statistics (although it would be worth also taking account of purchasing power disparities in providing GNP data, and there is no recognition of the inadequacies of UN infant mortality statistics, to take two items at random); their sources are unevenly listed in English and French. There is no explanation of why some countries are selected as 'major' – why is Zaire there and not Zimbabwe, Turkey and not Greece?

Some arbitrariness is inevitable in this sort of project, and it is better to have a

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portable book than an encyclopaedia. The third section of the book, 'Behind the News', however, is rather superficial.

Many contributors are featured, and the result is generally successful in terms both of quality and of the undogmatic approach. The major political upheavals of recent years are well reflected here – there are good brief accounts of North-South relations, the problems of Eastern Europe, the rise of disarmament movements, and the renewed significance of religious movements.

Other useful features of the book are a chronology for 1981, and a good index. These are further indications that *World View 1982* is intended to be an instant reference book as well as a teaching and research aid. It is decidedly not a radical tourist guide. I am not sure how many of us read the daily papers with a guide book beside us, but in terms of widening the horizons of the left in Britain, then unions, libraries, colleges and schools would do well to obtain copies. □

FICTION: Anne Smith

Mirrors

Distant Relations by CARLOS FUENTES *Secker* £7.95
Keepers of the House by LISA ST AUBIN DE TERAN *Cape* £6.95
Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer *Cape* £10.50

The author of a polemic against the westernisation of the Third World once pointed out to me how tiny, and in his view insignificant, is the portion of the world's population who believe in 'progress' or even in linear time. He argued that the western concept of time flies in the teeth of observable reality; that a whole spectrum of cultures in different stages of 'civilisation' exist side by side around the globe, and that we WASPs with our aid to 'underdeveloped' nations are at best a lunatic aberration, at worst Greeks bearing gifts of destruction.

All three of the books under review explode the western myth of progress through linear time, and its absurd corollary, that technological development is the same as human development. In the worlds of Singer, Fuentes, and de Terán, technology is a huckster's bag of tricks, amusing but irrelevant to what Singer himself so aptly calls 'the human disaster'; the western notion of time is wholly alien, and human nature never changes. Fuentes goes so far as to suggest that life is a dream between birth and death, and that birth and death are simultaneous.

The frame-narrator of **Distant Relations** is Fuentes himself. The narrator of the plot is the Comte de Branly, an elderly French aesthete who in pursuit of his lost youth becomes involved in a strange and often incomprehensible adventure with a South American archaeologist, Hugo Heredia, and his son. On one level Branly represents France and Heredia Latin America – the Old World seeking to recover its potential rather than its innocence – in a Jamesian way. But more interestingly, the novel is an account of Fuentes' own cultural schizophrenia, an attempt at a metaphysical resolution of the identity crisis when two cultures, with their different concepts of time and therefore of life, meet in one man, a novelist.

Branly is the fastidious aesthete, the product of an ultra-sophisticated civilisation with its intellectual, philosophical compulsions. Heredia is new South American man, seeking his salvation in the wholeness of the past. Linking the two in the adventure is a 'French' Victor Heredia, a diabolic figure in the South American tradition, vulgar, ageless, with a comprehensive memory, who exacts a neat revenge for the European exploitation of the New World. Linking the two Heredias, in turn, are their two sons, Victor and Hugo, and the ultimate link between the themes of time and cultural collision is the house of the novelist, Victor Hugo.

Distant Relations is a brilliant, tantalising novel, not least for its ironic meditation on the art of fiction and on the nature of art as perceived by two cultures. But it is also obtuse, difficult to follow, an intellectual puzzle involving mirrors and labyrinths, the premises of which must be suspect.

Lisa St Aubin de Terán's novel contains much more rudimentary reflections on similar themes. Her heroine, like the author herself, has married a South American ranch owner at sixteen, and gone to live with him on his estate in the Andes. As drought slowly destroys the land, and her husband fades away with a kidney complaint, Lydia listens to tales of the valley, an anecdotal account of her husband's family history, from an old retainer. She puts these together chronologically for the record before she leaves, pregnant with the last heir.

Keepers of the House is a sub-Marquezian fiction, which has something of Marquez' power of depicting in microcosm the cruelties and catastrophes, the endemic corruption, and the feudal relationship with death and the supernatural that characterise South American life. Occasionally the stories are anecdotes, familiar everywhere; occasionally the author gets carried away with the exuberance of her adjectival prose and actually contradicts herself – as when she describes an eighty-nine-year-old peasant as looking and moving like a man of fifty, then in the next paragraph tells us that he 'teetered rather than walked', or when the cook first appears 'like a huge sea cow lumbering through the hills' then a few paras further on as 'flapping down the hill like an ungainly magpie' – and the framework of Lydia's narrative is somewhat fragile; but the portrait of life in the valley rises above such immaturities of technique and style with the haunting quality of folktales.

Lisa St Aubin de Terán would presumably meet with Isaac Bashevis Singer's approval in this respect, for in his brief introduction to his **Collected Stories** he asserts that 'story telling is the *raison d'être* of artistic prose'. Fuentes, corrupted perhaps by an excessive admiration for the literature of an alien civilisation, is open to the strictures that precede Singer's dictum:

> Fiction in general should never become analytic. As a matter of fact, the writer of fiction should not even try to dabble in psychology and its various isms. Genuine literature informs while it entertains. It manages to be both clear and profound . . . While it tolerates commentary by others, it should never try to explain itself.

Fuentes is profound, but not clear; he is analytic; he tries to explain himself to himself, and the end result is the irrational fear one gets while looking too long into a mirror. He combines the decadent French fascination with evil and the South American pagan preoccupation with supernatural phenomena to produce a perverse image of the Creation from which God is totally excluded.

Singer's vision is no less complex, but much clearer. He quotes from a recent memoir of his:

> I had presented Creation with an ultimatum: 'Tell me your secret; or let me perish.' I had to run away from myself. But how? And where? I dreamed of a humanism and ethics the basis of which would be a refusal to justify all the evils the Almighty has sent us and is preparing to bestow upon us in the future. At its best, art can be nothing more than a means of forgetting the human disaster for a while.

It is a vision both realistic and mystical, with its roots in tragedy and its flowering in an art which depicts the human comedy with the comprehensiveness of genius. Singer dramatises what Fuentes can only state, that 'all things are accompanied by the totality of their spatial, temporal, physical, oneiric, visible and invisible attributes'. Between Singer and Fuentes is the difference between greatness and excellence, between an artist who has come to terms with the mystery of life, and one who seeks in vain to master and explain it. Singer's *Collected Stories* is the one book to have with you on that desert island outside time. □

Two Poems by Raymond Tong

Like Diogenes

And like
Diogenes
I shall live in a tub.
Beware! Not only do I bark
but bite.

Tea ceremony

It is true that the tea ceremony
appears both civilised and elegant.
Yet it is not the tea ceremony
but the ceremony of washing up
that provides the peace and
contentment.

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Shorter reviews

Christians in Ulster 1968-1980 by ERIC GALLAGHER and STANLEY WORRALL *Oxford* £10

When Pope Paul VI declared 1968 to be a year for peace, the leaders of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic churches in Ulster put out a joint request asking the Irish people to support the idea with their prayers. Some journalists asked where and when the three leaders had met to sign the document. It turned out that they hadn't dared to. A brother of Cardinal Conway had acted as go-between, little knowing what message he was actually carrying. In Ulster, Christians who won't meet together can, apparently, pray together.

Christians in Ulster is filled with such shameful stories, as well as some that are more edifying. It is a thorough, useful but slightly breathless account of 12 horrifying years. The life and death of Bobby Sands, MP, is crammed into an endnote to chapter 8. And I should have liked much more, for instance, about the 'abrasive' Bishop Richard Hanson of Clogher, who for three years scandalised his flock by preaching biblical criticism and attacking clerical members of the Orange Order, before fleeing to the safety of a professorship at Manchester University.

The authors castigate both the Orange Order and the Provisional IRA. They paint a picture, 'endlessly repeated', of ostensibly moderate Christian leaders ever fearful of their backward-looking congregations. But they baulk at the involvement of church leaders in political solutions to the problem of Northern Ireland (in my view wrongly), though recognising that as a result 'the ordinary voter is left thinking that if he goes on voting with his tribe, that is all right by the Churches'.

Finally, their conclusion, that 'if the Christian faith means anything, there will be a resurrection', is surely a pious cop-out. The logic of the Christian faith is that voluntary and costly sacrifice – not yet much apparent in Ulster – always precedes a resurrection.

James Bentley

Art of the Holocaust by JANET BLATTER & SYBIL MILTON *Pan* £7.50

A collection of over 350 paintings, sketches and sculptures by victims of the Nazis, *Art of the Holocaust* records both the depravity and the heights of human behaviour. Image upon image portrays suffering and violence. Multiply this by hundreds of thousands. Millions. The Nazi crime is unimaginable in magnitude. Yet the tragedy cannot be defined by numbers. Each child torn from her parents, each old man kicked and spat upon is victim of a monstrous crime.

Many of the artists tried to preserve the individuality of the victims in portraits. Others sought to represent the unthinkable hell of the camps 'for those born later'; the degrading physical classification of new inmates, the head shearing, typhus outbreaks, a hanging body, a never-ending file of skeletal prisoners marching to death. Still others stayed alive by painting for the Nazis.

Most scavenged for their materials. They stole paper and ink at the risk of their lives. Every stage of the creation of nearly all of these works – from the getting of materials, their execution, their subjects and their survival – was undertaken at enormous risk. Despite and because of the hell they depict, they testify to an heroic human spirit, a spirit of resistance.

Why study these pictures which express so unbearably the conditions in which they were created? The most fragile scraps of paper, the crudest materials have brought to us unspeakable realities of the past. They refer us to horrors present and to come. Each past atrocity paves the way for acquiescence in ever-greater atrocity. The intolerable is rendered tolerable by human indifference. Tragically the message of past victims remains unheeded; Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Vietnam, East Timor . . . . Is it a wishful illusion to hope that the publication of this powerful book can do anything to shock people from present indifference?

Julie Southwood

Living with Death and Dying by ELISABETH KUBLER-ROSS *Souvenir Press* £7.95 & £5.95

If a living, healthy person can be an expert on death and dying, Elisabeth Kubler-Ross is the one. In her previous pioneering best-sellers such as *On Death and Dying* she has revealed an extraordinary empathy with dying people and their relatives. Her new book covers much of the old ground: the five stages which dying people and their relatives go through (denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance), the need to deal with emotional 'unfinished business' and for health care professionals to speak openly with dying people, but also to respect their defences.

What emerges most strongly from this book is a need for people to be allowed to express feelings however angry, anguished, or 'bad'. It's a powerful plea for honesty, and Kubler-Ross is remarkably non-judgmental.

She writes in a chatty interrogative style, directly appealing to our understanding and packing her exposition with examples and case-histories. It's an approach guaranteed to stroke the readers' tear-ducts. At times, though, she makes communication sound a little too easy, with some anecdotes verging on the glib. And couldn't her insistence on religious explanations of death itself be seen as a form of denial?

The most fascinating chapter in the book wasn't written by Ross but by one of her students, and isn't really about death at all. It's an interpretation of the spontaneous drawings (reproduced in the book) of five people, a pictorial guide to the unconscious, based on the work of a London psychoanalyst, Susan Bach, who has studied the drawings of terminally ill children.

Another useful but overlong chapter, written by the mother of a six-year-old girl who died of leukaemia, about 'parent-care' in a Texas cancer hospital, is unusually frank in its criticisms of medical ways of dealing with death, hazarding the opinion (based on research) that doctors choose medical careers because of their inordinate fear of death.

The book ends with Ross on a rarely-discussed subject: sudden death. She advocates a screaming-room in hospitals, for families and staff to ventilate their feelings – an idea which other institutions might profitably contemplate.

Anne Karpf

Uprising – the Police, the People and the Riots in Britain's Cities by MARTIN KETTLE & LUCY HODGES *Pan* £2.25

There are really only two questions to be asked about the 'long hot summer' of '81: why did the riots occur? And, will they happen again? The succinct answers of *Uprising* are: because of the police; and, yes, in all probability.

This simplification, however, does not do justice to the authors. Despite their obviously radical commitment, they are not simply anti-police, nor are they merely prophets of racial violence. Their book is a well-researched piece of analysis which carefully sifts the evidence as to the causes of the explosions in Brixton, Toxteth, Moss Side and elsewhere. They give varying weight to all the putative explanations – racial discrimination, unemployment, socio-economic deprivation, 'copycat' rioting – and even entertain (thankfully briefly) the 'pure wickedness' theory of the hangers and floggers. All this in a crisp journalistic style interspersed with excellent descriptive narrative.

Their conclusion is that hostility towards the police provided the *casus belli* in Britain's inner cities, and that this hostility was the justifiable reaction of communities which had experienced years of racist abuse, harassment, and violence. It is often argued by senior police officers that, because their constables are chosen from society at large, and because there are racists in Britain, there are inevitably a 'small minority' of racists within the police force. Kettle and Hodges perceive a substantial and qualitative difference: because British society is imbued with a pervasive racist ethos, the police force too is overwhelmingly racist.

The argument then is that, while unemployment and deprivation were important contributory factors, they alone could not have accounted for the events of '81. The necessary catalyst was the presence, in decaying urban areas, of a disenchanted and rebellious youth, of whom the majority had experienced at first-hand the racially vindictive attacks of the principle symbol of authority.

Solutions and remedies are legion but all are fraught with difficulties and founder on the rock of institutionalised racism. One is left with the impression that tinkerings with the police force, as well as the well-intentioned experiments of the admirable ex-Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall, will be futile, because racism is an attitude of mind, and cannot be legislated or administrated out of existence.

This book is important, topical, and readable, and sure to be warmly received by all those concerned with race and with the police.

Frank Kane

Trespassers on the Roof of the World: The Race for Lhasa by PETER HOPKIRK *John Murray* £9.75

Little more than a century ago Tibet was a vast white blank on official charts. The few travellers who crossed its borders either never came back or returned with stories so fantastic it seemed that the high altitude had affected their minds. For they told of a land where time had stood still since the Middle Ages, where there was no wheel save the prayer wheel and where the climate was so harsh that it was possible to suffer frostbite and sunburn at the same time. Such information as there was gripped the imagination and stirred the keenly developed inquisitive spirit of the Victorians.

Reluctant to risk losing their own officers on such a hazardous mission, the British army decided instead to send specially trained Indian spies – pundits – into Tibet to try to map the country. Taught to walk with a uniform pace and to count each step they took, the pundits succeeded in compiling astonishingly accurate readings in the course of epic journeys – one man covered 2,800 miles which meant that he must have counted five and a half million paces. Once the map of Tibet began to fill out with tracks and contours, the race to become the first westerner to set foot in the capital, Lhasa, began in earnest. It attracted the most disparate collection of people, among them an American attaché, a British priest and Mr and Mrs St George Littledale from Berkshire and their terrier dog. Some got to within 50 miles of Lhasa before being turned back, but it wasn't until 1904 that Francis Younghusband rode through the West Gate of the city at the head of a column of British troops and journalists. Lhasa had at last been forced to give up its secrets.

This is a marvellous book, well researched and beautifully written – a treat for armchair explorers everywhere.

John Preston

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OPERA: Andrew Clements

Falstaff without fibre

Falstaff *Covent Garden*

Few opera productions of recent years have hit London with as much glamour and publicity as *Falstaff*, which opened at Covent Garden last week. It is 15 years since Carlo Maria Giulini conducted at the Royal Opera, then quitting the stage because he could no longer measure his rigorous standards of preparation against the transient circuit of international opera in which 'stars', singers and producers, committed themselves to productions for the minimum of time. So, *Falstaff* was conceived as a joint production between Covent Garden, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Teatro Communale, Florence, precisely in order to lure Giulini back to the medium in which he first created an international reputation. The memories of his appearances in London in the late 1950s and early '60s, especially in Verdi, were too fond for the Royal Opera to be able to resist the idea. For *Falstaff*, the conductor was to have absolute control: to select the producer and the cast, and to supervise all rehearsals. It was the kind of treatment which previously only Von Karajan of present-day conductors could command.

The production was first seen in Los Angeles in April. The principals in the cast – Renato Bruson (Falstaff), Katia Ricciarelli (Alice Ford), Leo Nucci (Ford) – have brought their interpretations to London, and only a few of the smaller parts have been cast locally. This is a production conceived very much as a package, with gramophone and video recordings tied in. The producer, Ronald Eyre, was Giulini's choice; for all his experience in the theatre, this is only his third opera. So, ultimate responsibility for the success of the enterprise falls squarely upon the conductor. Whatever the outcome, Giulini must be praised for his willingness to shoulder the burden; it is quite characteristic of the man that his almost fanatical devotion to and reverence for his work should go together with an absolute acceptance of responsibility for it.

YET this *Falstaff* is a great disappointment. The first night should have been the crown in what by any standards has been a good season for the Royal Opera, including recently some very strong revivals: *Eugene Onegin*, which brought the exciting Russian conductor Yuri Simonov to Covent Garden, *Pelléas et Mélisande* with the strongest trio of principals that has been assembled for this production, a stylish *Clemenza di Tito* and a more than adequate *Der Freischütz*. However, from the first moments *Falstaff* failed to take fire; musically and visually, its sobriety was immediately registered. The opening of this of all operas bursts with life; the discarding of a conventional overture in favour of a first scene that presents the elements of the comedy in overture form immediately gives the action enormous zest. Here, though, Giulini's moderate tempi, his concern for line and texture against moment-to-moment excitement dampened things down, while the matchbox-sized set – the Garter Inn adrift in the expanses of the Covent Garden stage – threw away any chance to score a visual success when the curtain rose.

One hoped things would improve. But that first scene, with Bruson as an uncertain Falstaff, sometimes struggling to make his mark above the orchestra, and Giulini unwilling to provide spurious drama really set the course of the evening. Ronald Eyre's decision, and hence in this set-up Giulini's, was to remain faithful to the Shakespearean origins of Boito's libretto, presenting a 'traditional' view of the opera with few frills. Had this plan been carried through with more technical skill and conviction, it would have struck a valuable blow for the traditionalist lobby, which never loses any opportunity to berate any production that tries to impose an imaginative approach on a repertory piece. Yet here there is precious little ingenuity and much dull, plodding business. The scenes with Pistol and Bardolph were partially redeemed by the genuine comic timing of William Wildermann and Francis Egerton; the pair of lovers, Barbara Hendricks and Dalmacio Gonzalez, proved engaging and sang with considerable charm. Elsewhere there were stolid, unremarkable performances.

Renato Bruson is an especial disappointment. His recent appearance in *Simon Boccanegra* at the Royal Opera House demonstrated the nobility of his singing, his ability to sustain long paragraphs with burnished tone. This Falstaff seemed a very different singer, who rarely allowed himself the luxury of full-blooded utterance and who moved around the stage without any obvious sense of enjoyment. However artfully Giulini accompanied Falstaff's lecture to his cronies on the true meaning of honour, inflating the climaxes with high romantic rhetoric, however glowingly the flood of trills ran through the orchestra as Falstaff revived himself with drink at the beginning of the third act, Bruson failed to move or delight us.

Katia Ricciarelli smiled a lot and conveyed much of the gentility that distinguishes Boito's Merry Wives from Shakespeare's originals, but vocally she did not glitter as she ought, and in detail her characterisation lacked finesse. Brenda Boozer was a pallid Mistress Page; Lucia Valentini-Terrani hammed Mistress Quickly dreadfully, and is not helped by the costumes she is given. There was a solid, even-paced Ford from Leo Nucci and an adequate Caius from John Dobson, whose plainness could have been tolerated had those around them showed more vitality.

The evening was not, however, quite the entire disaster such a catalogue of ills might suggest. The orchestral playing was first rate (though no better than the Covent Garden Orchestra often manages when it has a mind to) and, where Giulini set out to beautify the score, he sometimes succeeded most magically. Ford's monologue in the second act ended in glorious, glowing orchestral textures; the dovetailing of vocal lines in the ensembles was done

Katia Ricciarelli in *Falstaff*

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with the lightest of touches; the brass writing that punctuates the score was perfectly weighted. What, then, was missing? Simply any sense of fibre in the performance, any idea that this is an opera about characters with real, earthy emotions, with motives that are sometimes less noble than the refined good humour and warmth that Giulini imparts to the work. Musically at least, a point of view is presented that is consistent and true to itself; theatrically there is nothing but awful literalness – good though it was to have some of Verdi's stage directions observed to the letter.

There were moments, too, when one had to remind oneself that this was one of the great peaks of the operatic literature, that *tours de force* of dramatic craft and musical facility, the lapidary skill with which the libretto is stitched together from three plays (*Henry IV* parts 1 and 2 as well as the *Merry Wives*) were being presented, but robbed of much of their potency and delight. When reverence replaces honest affection the time has come to call a halt. It is a tendency, alas, that one has noted in Giulini's recent orchestral appearances in London also. His repertory now seems more restricted than ever to Mozart and Beethoven, Bruckner and Brahms. In those concerts continuity of line has been made paramount, even when that careful moulding impeded the flow; to find it transferred to such a large canvas as Verdi's *Falstaff* was a sad surprise.

THE ROYAL Opera House management can hardly be blamed. They must have thought they were on to a winner and had secured a coup that even the most exclusive houses on the Continent had failed to achieve. The result turns most people's prejudices, mine included, upon their heads: if the star-system, with its visiting artists flown in for a single series of performances, results in a limited repertory and productions geared to the whim of individual singers, what happens when a production is approached from the opposite point of view, when the opera is put first, and the singers hired to rehearse and perform that work, with considerations of scheduling and glamour firmly contained?

The sad fact may be that great conductors do not necessarily make good judges of a production. Ronald Eyre is a vastly knowledgeable Shakespearean, whose decision to return this opera to its roots must have been taken for the best possible reasons. Yet, when Shakespeare is turned into opera, the transmutation is subtle and profound; there are arguably only three successful operas made out of the plays: *Falstaff* is one, Verdi's *Otello* is another, Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* the third. That both Verdi and Britten comprehended the difficulties of such projects is demonstrated by the fact that both contemplated an opera on *King Lear* without settling to the task. It follows that a producer who can successfully interpret the originals cannot automatically work miracles on the musical equivalents: characterisations change; motives become obscure. It may be too much to have hoped that someone might have pointed this out to Giulini, or that any one would have had the nerve to do so. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Sugar and pill

The Beggar's Opera by JOHN GAY *Cottesloe*
All's Well That Ends Well by SHAKESPEARE *Barbican*
Private Dick by RICHARD MAHER & ROGER MICHELL *Whitehall*
Money by LORD LYTTON *Pit*
Aunt Mary by PAM GEMS *Warehouse*
Artists and Admirers by OSTROVSKY *Riverside*

The success of **The Beggar's Opera** in 1728 – unexpected, incidentally, even by Swift, who had suggested to Gay 'what an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make' – led to wrangles whose parallels still may be found today. The fell Dr Herring, later Archbishop of Canterbury, would have no truck with the opinion (also Swift's) that the piece 'placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light'. He thought that, by making a highwayman into a hero and freeing him from the gallows at the last moment, it gave encouragement to crime as well as to vice, and might even be responsible for the proliferation of robber-vagrants in London; and it was his fishy view that prevailed, or at least made it easier for the Lord Chamberlain to do what he probably wanted to do anyway, ban Gay's sequel, *Polly*. The whole story is told by Dr Johnson, whose conclusion was that the play was unlikely to do much good or, for that matter, much evil, since 'highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse'.

We could use that sort of common sense in an age, like our own, which has accused *Lady Chatterley* of encouraging servants to seduce their employers and recently came close to suggesting that members of the armed forces might leave *The Romans in Britain* looking for druids to rape. However, Johnson pushes his case too far when he claims that the opera 'was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose'. The inaccuracy, or at least insufficiency, of that view is apparent from the very first song, thought to have been contributed by Swift himself, which wryly berates lawyer, priest and statesman, the last for presuming to think himself as honest as a thief. And didn't Brecht go straight to Gay for the most pungently sardonic of his social satires – an adaptation, be it added, which distorts the original far less than most people suppose? The tale of the highwayman Macheath, caught by the joint wanglings of organised crime and a corrupt law-and-order establishment, is much the same in both versions. So is the moral, which is that small predators are only aping big predators, the main difference between their vices being, in Gay's words, that '*they* are punished for them'.

So what we want is a *Beggar's Opera* that diverts yet strikes home; and it's nice to be able to report that Richard Eyre's production comes close to achieving this paradoxical end. Just once or twice it threatens to succumb to the kind of hearty knockabout that always seems to tempt the English when something categorised as 'comic opera' is to be staged. Surely an 18th-century mafioso and the governor of a great London gaol, which is what Peachum and Lockit are, would succeed in hobnobbing over dinner without having the soup spilt all over them by a funny-moronic waiter. And just once or twice the production over-emphasises the tawdriness of its setting and society. Surely Macheath, who 'always loved to have his ladies well dressed', would not allow himself to be caught in company quite as mucky as that provided by the National's Molly Brazen, Suky Tawdry et al, with their tacky dresses, over-ripe underclothes, exposed bosoms, and general air of cackling all the way to a collective death by syphilis.

Still, most of the time Mr Eyre succeeds in reconciling ebullience, joie de vivre, with a certain toughness, even harshness: *Guys and Dolls*, you might say, recalling his present success in the Olivier, with *The Threepenny Opera*. I'm not sure how much he is helped by his main innovation, which is to time-warp the action to a Dickensian dosshouse, or by his substitution of the workaday folk-tunes Gay originally wanted for the rococo settings imposed upon him by his patroness. Perhaps a period more familiar to us than the 1720s, and more downright, unaffected music, do indeed both go some way towards explaining the production's considerable and captivating immediacy.

But strong, vivid, unsentimental performances are more essential than either, and those we get in some abundance: Harry Towb's canny Ulster Peachum; David Ryall's sly and swinish Lockit; Imelda Staunton, a tiny bruiser, stamping and pummelling her way through the part of Lucy Lockit; above all, Paul Jones's Macheath, less the down-market matinee idol than the prototype of those sweaty, menacing Glaswegians you find every other May in London, roaming the West End and reeling towards Wembley Stadium, flags tied round their waists. The last actor I saw in the part looked as if he'd find it hard to break an egg, let alone a head, and, given his genteel tones, might as well have been called Fitzmansion or Plantation-Smythe. This one is a plausible highwayman, a true Mac*heath*.

Too much has been happening either for my sluggish typewriter or for the NS space-merchants, so let me close with a staccato summary. Trevor Nunn's racy Edwardian **All's Well**, admired by me in Stratford, has arrived in town, as has the Chandler fantasy I more moderately liked at Hammersmith. **Money** is an entertaining if mechanically plotted period-piece, which attacks bank-account values while ensuring its hero and heroine have a fat bank account on which to marry. **Aunt Mary** involved a commune of transvestites menaced by media exploitation: not gripping, not lucid, but radiating all Pam Gems's warmth and tolerance, as well as an unfashionable belief in love. And **Artists**, like Ostrovsky's better-known *Forest*, involves the travails of the 19th-century Russian thespian, this time an actress safeguarding chastity and integrity from the predators. Fascinating, in bits; but could be better acted. □

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THEATRE-2: Michael Stewart

Alienation

The Threepenny Opera by BRECHT & WEILL
National Theatre, Budapest

In a colourless and dull theatre season in Budapest, one production stands apart. Yuri Lyubimov, director of the Taganka Theatre in Moscow, has staged the *Threepenny Opera* in exuberantly inventive and assertive style. The irony of the fact that it takes a Soviet director to make really vital theatre here – when the pride of so many Hungarians now is their unparalleled independence from the USSR – has been noted by many. Not that you will hear any carping about this, so finely has Lyubimov focussed on Hungary's current dilemmas.

This is evident from the set of the *Threepenny Opera* alone. Wooden street barriers bearing the legends 'Carnaby Street', 'Oxford Street', 'Marshall Street' remind one that Hungary is just now experiencing a fashion-led commercial boom the like of which no Eastern bloc country has seen before. The sets, designed by David Borowskij, also from the Taganka, do not just act as locations but themselves play with the attitudes to art that have come in the wake of this consumerism. For many people in Budapest now a play is just another item on the shopping list.

This problem was confounded for Lyubimov because of the musical nature of the *Threepenny Opera*. The audience comes with fond memories of past productions, traces of dance routines, above all the songs indelibly scored on its mind. And in this case the director had to work with (or rather against) all the stale associations of Brecht, that indefinable 'Brechtian' quality that people go on about. He was up against exactly that attitude which Roland Barthes used to attack as mythological and he responded rather as Barthes might have done. He took it all on board and staged it in order to confront us with our own preconditioned responses.

The punning graffiti 'Theatre Street/ Street Theatre' toys with the multiple ambivalences involved in well-fed actors playing beggars. And it is from this style, from the refusal to smooth things out, from the pleasure in exposing and exploiting the drama of such imbalances that the energy and excitement of the production derive. The focus of the whole production is an ironic critique of package-tour aesthetics.

Mr Peachum (Dezso Garas) is first seen selling sweat-shirts bearing his firm's name. The important thing about this Peachum is not the gruesome or devious nature of his work but the fact that he is an employer. Lyubimov has also ironed out all the standard satirical playing of Macheath and his confederates. The gang here are business partners, office men, not spivs with bourgeois trappings. The image of Mac that lasts is of him running for the bus home, a successful city gentleman, dignified, a bit paunchy. And Polly (played with ravishing flamboyancy by Dorrottya Udvaros) sees him quite prosaically as an eligible, well-placed, older man. As for Mrs Peachum (Mari Torocsik) she comes on drunk and remains so. She is a housewife with a failed dream and now so badly gone to seed that even her fur is moulting.

The over-all concept may be refreshingly realist, but this has not constrained the elements of fantasy and theatricality. Just as violently contrasting elements are flung together in Brecht's text, so here one is happy to see Lady Di make an appearance or one of the criminals read *Tribuna Luda* (the Polish Communist paper). The prolific and eclectic invention is related to the most exciting thing that Lyubimov brings to his work – his refusal to let the spectator settle into a fixed standpoint and attitude. He pulls off strokes of theatre which don't build on one another, but jar against each other, calling the surrounding action into question. Each night Garas wins applause for his intuitive brilliance as he slips from Hitler's rhetoric back into the part of Peachum, back to the *Führer,* and into a Charlie Chaplin walk.

The finale of every act is an image which loses none of its impact for being repeated thrice. Out of the crowd, six tiny pensioners, whose faces remain in a permanent emotional freeze, step forward. They clench Bibles in their hands and pray for light and hope in the darkness of our time. In a country in which the old have not forgotten to speak of 'certain matters' in whispers, it is a chilling image.

Of course, not everything rises to such an intense plane. Much of the acting, like most Hungarian acting, is downbeat and uninspired; for all its merits the set is not designed for the actors' convenience. The singing on the other hand – set apart from the action by the actors' smearing on face paint to vile and dehumanising effect – is very powerful: harsh, very dramatic.

What Lyubimov has done is to give a new meaning to that unfortunate term 'alienation'. As people in Hungary turn to material comforts in the absence of other certainties – and in the theatre to the well-made, lukewarm play – Lyubimov and the National Theatre have chosen to swim against the tide. □

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FILMS: John Coleman

Show boat

Fitzcarraldo (A) *Camden Plaza*
Annie (U) *Odeon, Leicester Square*

If Fassbinder was the *enfant terrible* of the new German cinema, Werner Herzog has surely earned the right to being its wild man. Too fly for a primitive, he yet shows in his best films a ferocious innocence, the kind of driving candour that is always verging on the ruthless. His world is peopled with eccentrics and obsessives, mirrors – it often seems – of his own churning concerns. At worst, the proper study of Herzog becomes Herzog. There was that walk from Munich to Paris in 1975, subsequently recorded in a book, a strenuous physical endeavour which had its other ends: the presentation of *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser* to French audiences and a therapeutic visit to Lotte Eisner, very ill in hospital. That she recovered that time may or may not be a tribute to her visitor. Herzog is not merely content to run risks himself (his personal ambitions towards championship ski-jumping lay behind the extraordinary *The Great Ecstasy of Woodcarver Steiner):* he is unusually happy that others should be encouraged to run risks on his behalf, at his behest. Good taste, for instance, had nothing to do with his decision to use the mentally unbalanced Bruno S. to play young Kaspar Hauser, a lad less than half his age. It was an unsettling choice: all the more so, in that the resulting film somehow worked. It remains the closest Herzog has come to a masterpiece.

Two years before that, in 1972, there had been the mad epic, *Aguirre, Wrath of God,* set back in the Spanish-invested Peru of 1560 and starring wild-eyed Klaus Kinski as the short, raving *conquistador* hellbent for the mythical city of El Dorado, last seen on a foundering raft littered with corpses and tiny monkeys. Here two strains constantly recurring in the Herzog oeuvre – exploration, or The Impossible Dream, and intimations of divinity – achieved their mingled and mangled comeuppance. Uncertainty still lingers as to whether the intermittent black humour of this costly enterprise was intentional. Kinski played to the hilt, but the outcome was often quite rib-tickling. When word, then, began to float around of yet another river-borne odyssey in the making in darkest Peru, of intransigent Indians and enraged ethnographers, of Jason Robards and Mick Jagger having to pull out and of Klaus Kinski being pulled in, one's early warning system was alerted: Herzog as God again, and the devil take the hindmost. The fact that this year's Cannes Festival had given its best director's prize to the outcome was, on the basis of past experience, neither here nor there.

But **Fitzcarraldo,** in the event, is rather a lark. One of these days Mr Herzog is going to make a 10-hour movie about building the pyramids, or some such: in the meantime, his latest fantasia will do very well. Tentatively drawn from the reported doings of a 19th-century 'rubber baron' of the Amazon, an Irishman named Fitzgerald who had a steamboat taken to bits and transported cross-country from one river to another, the story embellishes such a mundane trick with an intervening mountain as stumbling-block and a motivation out of mania. Kinski's Fitzcarraldo, stumping about in dirty whites under a giant panama, proves to be a poor businessman (after an ill-fated stab at railway construction, he is now into manufacturing blocks of ice in the jungle) but a besotted opera buff. He and his merry companion Molly (Claudia Cardinale), elegant madam of a thriving brothel in the interior, are first seen turning up dishevelled and beseeching entry at the opera house in Manaus after a 1,000-mile trip down river. A friendly black usher slips them in, to witness Fitzcarraldo's idol Caruso and a wooden-legged Sarah Bernhardt, her part sung by a singer with the orchestra, in a performance of Verdi's *Ernani.* Why the divine Sarah should be played by a man is anyone's guess.

A few more scenes reinforce the point that Fitzcarraldo is genially barmy for music, and a loser in a community of the fabulously rich. 'The better-off citizens in Manaus send their laundry to Lisbon,' explains the opera-house owner. An officer waters his horses with champagne. Bluff billionaire Don Aquilino tries to lose at cards and feeds wads of notes to a giant fish at a party inspired by valiant Molly to help her loonie realise his dream. This is nothing less than to build his own opera house, where Caruso shall perform, in the distant jungle township of Iquitos. To this end, and with Molly's money, a crazy scheme is evolved: to reach a hitherto untapped source of rubber by transporting a ship overland between two rivers.

This is where Herzog has his magnificently toilsome fun, and we ours. Not for him a handful of model shots and buckets of false sweat. We witness the acquisition of a dilapidated steamboat, its refurbishing, the hiring of a motley crew (half-blind Dutch captain, part-Indian mechanic, perpetually drunk cook-cum-translator), the voyage upstream with Caruso belting out from a gramophone mounted like a figurehead and native drums sounding sinisterly from the lush, wooded banks. Then they are boarded by canoefuls of Indians, reputedly headhunters, who behave with amazing gentleness, softly stroking Fitzcarraldo's hands, buttons and shock of yellow hair. The cook has a good line: at first the natives had thought the intruders to be long-promised gods; now they realise otherwise, 'but the ship impresses them'. Somehow (there are a lot of somehows in any Herzog film), the Indians are soon at work on the wonderfully detailed and pursued intricacies of hauling that damned boat over a small mountain: felling giant trees, digging trenches, installing a great central trunk on which all literally is to depend, straining at ropes and winches. The activity may be insane (though successful, it leads to no rubber fortune) but is both awe-inspiring and delightful in its absurdity: and, one might reflect, innocuous compared with the world's current devotion to high technology death-machines.

Fitzcarraldo has part of his fantasy, at least, in the conclusion, where a hired operatic group give a shipboard rendition of Bellini's *I Puritani,* the little dreamer beaming and beaming by his hired red seat, puffing on a big cigar, receiving rapturous applause from crowds on shore. It is in the peculiar nature of Herzog's film-making that one not unwillingly applauds too, at the sheer, finally merry nerve of it, the sense of look-we-have-come-through. And after 158 minutes, we have. The cinema can well support the occasional freak of this order and ardour.

Albert Finney going bald-headed after a new kind of stardom, something he badly needs, as Daddy Warbucks, little Miss Aileen Quinn twinkling away as a ginger-haired orphan just this side of Shirley Temple cuteness: they do rather better than possible as the principals of John Huston's **Annie.** The star of this movie version of the stage musical taken from an eerie comic strip has, however, to be Carol Burnett as the steadily tippling, man-mad Miss Hannigan, head of an orphanage full of small and tuneful acrobats. To see her carefully unstraighten a picture on the wall is to live a little. Elsewhere, everyone behaves as if the songs and dances were top-notch, which they rarely are: my only fear was that FDR (Edward Herrmann) would rise from his wheelchair and shake a leg during the finale. Mr Huston, in a new departure for *him,* avoids several reefs of sentiment with veteran skill. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2727 **Set by A. Boteman**

Extracts, please, from translations of foreign works by unlikely authors, e.g. Noel Coward's Ibsen, Wodehouse's *Madame Bovary.* Max 100 words; by 23 July.

No 2724 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

130-word extracts from thriller, romance or detective novel including at least three items of boring if useful information.

Report **By Nan King**

Oh dear! Another veil of illusion gone. I had so fondly imagined you all out there: courteous, diffident, rather old-world and oh so English in your tweeds and sensible shoes, indulging in a little eccentric weekend-comping over the cucumber sandwiches and reading yourselves to sleep with detective novels. But no, only Stanley J. showed any appreciation of this classic form. The rest of you clearly have fantasies crammed with hot lips and lethal weapons. Still, you did convey an amazing range of very boring information. Congrats and seven green ones to the winners.

'Freeze, bud – or do I turn you into a lead sandwich?' came a voice from the darkness. Blake reflected that with a mean body temperature of 98.4 degrees fahrenheit (though somewhat higher than this in the anus), this might

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prove difficult; in any case, your typical small-arms bullet was made of high-grade steel. Wisely, he decided not to contest these points. 'Take it easy,' he called out, unconsciously echoing the title of a hit record by the Eagles, Asylum Records K1189. His mind raced. How the hell could his assailant see him in the pitch black? A powerful, infra-red lamp he surmised, as used by the BBC Natural History Unit for their live outside broadcast, *Badger Watch*. 'Jeez,' he thought. 'these cats are sophisticated.'

PETER NORMAN

Diana nestled her head on Jason's arm. How could she have loved Roger – so decent-seeming, yet ultimately so selfish and obsessed with his career? She must have been seeing things the wrong way round – like a barrage balloon, which, though apparently a tethered blimp, was actually a suspended wire. She gazed up at Jason's Byronic smile. Everthing about him appealed to her now – the saturnine brows, the livid scar on his cheek, the surplus of wax in his ears that, far from showing a lack of personal hygiene, protected the delicate membranes within. His voice came to her as from far away, and she roused herself to concentrate on the words she had waited to hear. '. . . and with a Family Railcard there can be up to 50% savings on most journeys.'

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

So this was the murder weapon! A Lee straight-pull rifle. (US navy rifle, 1898. 0.236-in cal. Long barrel, 30.0in. Bullet, 135 grains. Muz. vel., 2,396 ft/sec. Chg., 36 grains. Penetrative power of bullet, 15.0 ft of pineboards. H of traj. in 100, 200, and 300 yd. Range: 1.02, 3.96, and 9.57 in. Point-blank range, 725 yd). And *there* was the stiff. I turned him over with my left foot. Male Caucasian. How long dead? Using the formula

$$\frac{98.4 - T^{\circ}}{1.5}$$

= No. of hours dead up to six hours, I figured 15 minutes. Too late I got the whiff – Vitrite! (A French poison-gas consisting of a mixture of cyanogen chloride, CNCl, and arsenic trichloride $AsCl_3$). My senses reeled. I gagged . . .

JOSEPH COLE

Churl Grange pressed his burning lips against hers. Every one of the 2,052 blood vessels in them was hot with passionate desire. 'My darling, dear Cordelia,' he murmured. His strong hands began eagerly to undo the buttons of her silk blouse, little caring that its material had been the life's work of no fewer than 151 silk worms. Roughly, he forced her towards the sofa, an unusual oak-framed model with claw-and-ball feet such as were made by Thomas Gutteridge of Bermondsey in the early 1890s. She reached for one of his discarded shoes and struck him. Happily, it was a heavy black affair, since members of the Stock Exchange are allowed upon its floor only in black shoes.

C. FEVER

Inspector Fidgett turned to the Butler. 'Bennett, did your late master have any hobbies?' 'The Faroes, Sir.' 'Mummies? Tutankhamun? That sort of thing?' 'No, sir. The Faroe Islands. He was particularly fond of Christian Matras, who brought Faroese poetry into the 20th century. And, of course, those great Faroese novelists, Hedin Bru, Jens Pauli Heinesen and William Heinesen.' The Inspector made no reply. He was fingering the curtains. 'Man-made fibre,' observed Bennett casually. 'Hard to believe it's the end product of wood pulp steeped in caustic soda and extruded through tiny holes to form threads.' 'Any idea who could have shot him?' asked the Inspector. 'The world contains approximately four thousand million people,' said Bennett. 'I suppose one could eliminate all but a few . . .'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

TAKING PART

John McVicar

The man who almost missed the shuttle

ACCEPTING invitations to give talks is easy. The hard bit for me starts the evening before when I have to stay up all night to prepare them. And even in the morning when that's done I still find I'm looking for an excuse to pull out. Perhaps it's the audience I attract – like the radical probation officer still wearing his beard and John Lennon glasses; the hippie relic perhaps with an adoring wife in peasant uniform breast-feeding their natural infant; the ex-con with 'Love' and 'Hate' tattooed on his fingers; the policeman doing a sociology course; the local hack who comes up afterwards to ask me what I've just said.

About a fortnight ago I was due in Belfast to talk to a group which specialises in the care and settlement of offenders. Even at Heathrow at 8am I was still hoping that maybe the pilots would strike or Thatcher would requisition the planes. Wrecked but still hoping, I slouched over to BA's reservation counter: 'Got a reservation in the name of McVicar for the Belfast shuttle . . .?' I had to make the 8.30.

'Where are you going, sir?' The question, his beer-belly and charge-hand face rubbed against my grain.

'I just told you – Belfast.' He was looking at my ticket.

'Have you any identification sir?' The 'sir' was to indicate that my identity was still in question.

'No I haven't.' Our eyes locked like stags' horns. It takes one to know one and he knew I had identification and why I wasn't showing it to him. 'Do you mind giving me my ticket?'

'If you haven't got any identification, sir, I'm afraid I can't. I don't know that you are who you say you are and airline tickets are negotiable securities.' A comfortable smirk on his face, he settled in his seat.

Never reason with a dedicated gatekeeper. Either walk away, or, if you're in a confrontational mood, go straight to the abuse. But even as I cursed this rule-monger, I could see how he could deliver me with honour from the talk. As long as I never weakened on the identification, he wasn't letting me on the 8.30 shuttle.

After wrangling with him (just so it'd look like I'd really tried) I went along to the supervisor's desk. Tall, bespectacled, snooty – I knew I'd never get my ticket from her as long as I played it right. I explained my predicament: giving a talk in Belfast; the organisation had reserved me a ticket; the reservation clerk won't give it to me unless I show some identification which I hadn't got. As I made each point I ticked it off on my fingers. I knew that would aggravate her.

Looking down, head slightly askew, she listened to me, then asked: 'Have you got any identification?' I went through it all again and she made the same request. I couldn't contain it: 'But I've just explained *twice* – I don't have any fucking identification.'

Her head went up and as she turned away she said: 'If you're going to use that language, I'm not going to talk to you.' Frothing at her receding and stiffening back, I couldn't help myself. Defeating the ticket withholders was now more important than finding good cause for missing the flight. Regaining control of myself I homed in on the only friendly face behind the counter. He had the look of one of life's confidence restorers and advice givers. I politely explained my predicament and he played his part by selling out his colleagues at every twist in the plot.

On the basis of his 'Don't worry, I'll sort it out' I returned to reservation clerk. He was on the phone – being instructed by his superior to hand over my ticket! When he put the phone down, I said, 'My ticket, please.'

'Not without any identification.' They were all in the conspiracy.

When abuse fails I go on to threat. 'You want a good clump you . . .' He moved from his seat but kept to his decision. I'd lost the ticket battle and mentally I was already consoling myself with the thought that I'd got out of the talk. Then, for no apparent reason, the guy shifted his ground and grudgingly handed over my ticket.

Scurrying down the walkways to the shuttle wasn't conducive to puzzling out why. It was also 8.20 and another passenger carrying a training bag rushed past me. Given that it was a shuttle and you can walk on right at the death, I tagged him as one of those people who has to be early. But he bothered me enough to make me put on a spurt and get back my lead. At the check-in desk before security, the girl started shaking her head as we appeared. 'I'm afraid you're too late, the luggage has been stowed. You have to check-in 20 minutes before flight time on the Belfast shuttle.' *The bombing!* The reservation guy was marvellous – he'd given me my ticket right on time for me to draw another blank.

But my leather folder hardly amounted to even hand luggage. I pointed that out to her and she said she'd see. She went off to check and returned smiling. 'It's okay sir, they'll accept you.' But the guy with the training bag who'd been witnessing all this then coughed assertively. Before he could get out any of his 'if he can go . . .' stuff, I drew up every drop of venom in me and glared it at him. He stalled and I made the flight, gave the speech, and my only complaint was that I couldn't tell the reservation clerk. □

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The Treasury and Civil Service Committee require two Temporary Assistants to cover economic and taxation questions respectively. Their duties will include giving specialist assistance to the Clerk of the Committee and undertaking research into specific questions. Applications are invited from candidates with a good degree or an equivalent professional qualification relevant to one or more of the above subjects, together with several years practical experience in one of these fields. An interest in public administration would be an advantage.
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The appointments will commence as soon as possible after 1 October, 1982 and will be for a period of two years in the first instance with the possibility of an extension for a further limited period. Strict political impartiality is required of all House of Commons staff and these Temporary Assistants will be expected not to engage in political activities for the duration of their appointments.

For further details and application form write to:
The Establishments Office, HOUSE OF COMMONS, London SW1A 0AA or tel. 01-219 6011 between 10 am-4 pm. Closing date for return of application forms 23 July 1982.

PROGRAMME CO-ORDINATORS: HONDURAS (readvertisement) and PERU

CIIR requires a co-ordinator for each of its established development programmes in Peru and Honduras. Co-ordinators are CIIR's field representatives, building contacts with local community organisations, administrating projects, supporting CIIR project workers, identifying and evaluating new projects.
Experience of community development projects, of administration and of Latin America are preferable. The two-year contracts, in line with other CIIR workers, include a basic salary, insurance, return air fares and other allowances. Joint applications to share either of these posts are welcome.

Please write with details of your experience, enclosing a large SAE and quoting ref NSTA/1, to: **CIIR Overseas Section, 22 Coleman Fields, London N1 7AF. Applicants should specify whether they are most interested in the Honduras or the Peru post.**

WALSALL COUNCIL FOR COMMUNITY RELATIONS
(IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE C.R.E.)
Requires a
COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (EMPLOYMENT)

Responsibilities include anti-racist work with the Trade Union movement, the promotion of equal opportunities programmes, research on employment and ethnic minority groups, development of work programme with key groups (eg youth, black women workers), advocacy in tribunals. This is a particularly demanding post suitable only for those with initiative, wide experience, and the commitment needed to promote racial equality and eliminate racism.
Salary will be AP4 to SO1 ***(£7,137-£8,733)***. Training is provided. Contributary pension scheme. Experienced secretarial help and good office accommodation provided. Application forms and further information from:

G. R. MASTRANTONE, Walsall C.C.R., The Advice Centre, 4-6 Lower Hall Lane, Walsall, W. Midlands WS1 1RH.
Tel. (0922) 39090. Returnable by 21 July 1982

READVERTISEMENT

SCOTTISH FURTHER EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of

GENERAL SECRETARY

of this professional association of lecturers in Scottish Colleges of Further Education.
Suitable qualifications and background would be in teaching or educational administration; an interest in, or experience of, the Trade Union Movement would be an advantage.
The person appointed will have the ability to maintain close links with the Association's Branches in colleges throughout Scotland and to represent the interests of the membership in dealings with education and other authorities.
Salary commensurate with the duties of the post. A detailed job description is available on request from:

Scottish Further Education Association
111 Union Street, Glasgow G1 3SS

Applications should include CV and details of qualifications and should reach the above address not later than Friday, 6 August, 1982.

MERCEDO
(Merseyside County Economic Development Office)

BUSINESS LIAISON OFFICER

(£8,991-£10,581 p.a.)

The Merseyside County Council, through its Economic Development Office, is responsible for the economic regeneration of the County of Merseyside.
A number of new initiatives are currently being introduced, including developing the role of Co-operative Ventures in the total economic strategy.
Applicants for this post should have experience of assisting small businesses but in particular the development of Co-operative Ventures and other forms of common ownership.
Duties will include liaison with those agencies and organisations both locally and nationally having a responsibility for the development and operation of Co-operative and Common Ownership Ventures, Trade Union Community and Resource Centres and other similar organisations.

Application forms, returnable by 6 August, 1982, and further particulars may be obtained from the County Solicitor and Secretary, Merseyside County Council, P.O. Box 95, Metropolitan House, Old Hall Street, Liverpool (Tel: 051-227 5234 Ext. 2564).

Merseyside County Council
AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

TRADE UNION EDUCATION PROJECT

A worker is needed to join a small team which aims to develop materials for use on education courses for, in the first instance, Asian workers in the Labour Movement.
These courses are intended to encourage Asian workers to become more active within Trade Unions, to encourage their take-up of Shop Steward and Safety Rep. posts, to participate at branch committee level, and to go on to further trade union/TUC education courses.
Since the person appointed will be required to make links with Asian Community Groups, with trade union officers, employers, etc, he/she should possess a knowledge of trade unions, Asian culture, and the ability to read and write in at least one Asian language.
The post is for one year and carries a salary of **£7,137.** Please send s.a.e. for detailed job description to:

Bradford Resource Centre
93 Little Horton Lane, Bradford BD5 OBU
Closing date for applications is Friday, 30 July

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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Community Projects Foundation

ISLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT AGENCY

Funded by the Community Projects Foundation and the London Borough of Islington

Over the first year of its life this Agency has successfully increased the availability of jobs in the borough, promoted awareness of co-operatives and provided assistance to potential and existing co-operatives.

We are looking for:

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER £9,310-£9,865 p.a.

You should be familiar with worker cooperatives, and have significant experience in Community development or possess business skills.

Further details and an application form available from: Personnel Officer, Community Projects Foundation, 60 Highbury Grove, London N5 2AG. Telephone 01-226 5375. Closing date: 30 July 1982

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Lungarno Guicciardini 9
Florence
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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'Henry IV' Pt I, 10 July (mat), 12, 14 (mat). 'Henry IV' Pt 11, 9, 10, 13, 14. 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 15 July. THE PIT – 'Our Friends in the North' by Peter Flannery, 9, 10, 12, 13 July. 'A Doll's House' by Henrik Ibsen, 14, 15 July. Personal and phone booking now open for all productions until 30 October, inc. 'The Winter's Tale' and 'Poppy' by Peter Nichols. **PICCADILLY. 01-437 4506.** RSC in Willy Russell's 'hilarious 'Educating Rita'. ALDWYCH, **01-836 6404.** 'Good' by C. P. Taylor.

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9-17 July

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 9 JULY

LONDON W8. 'India and Britain', weekend seminar, Fri. 7-9pm, Sat. 10.30am-5pm, £7 (unwaged £4). Details Extra Mural Dept. University of London, 26 Russell Sq, WC1. **01-636 8000 ext. 266.**

BIRMINGHAM. 'Choices and Change', Returned Volunteer Action's National Conference. July 9-11, Birmingham University, Details: RVA, 1 Amwell St., London EC1. Tel. **01-278 0804.**

YORK. 'Images of India' – 19th Century photographs, until 7 August, Tues-Sat. 10am-6pm, Impressions Gallery of Photography, 17 Colliergate.

LONDON WC1. Gay Humanist Group, Jim Herrick, former editor of 'The Freethinker' will speak on 'Free Thought, War and Peace'. 7.30pm, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. All welcome.

LONDON SW9. 'New Variety' – Brixton' by Cast Presentations Ltd, Compere – comedian Roland Muldoon, Old White Horse, 261 Brixton Rd. Details: **01-487 3440.**

SAT 10 JULY

LONDON E1. Bengali Gala Night, Tower Hamlets Girls' School, E1 Details: CAA UK, **01-794 3885.**

LONDON National Public Transport Demonstration, Assemble at Speakers Corner, Hyde Park, 12 noon, March 1pm, Rally Trafalgar Sq. 2pm.

LONDON NW1. 'Running Council Housing Better', A Labour Housing Group discussion Conference, 10.30am-5pm, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

YORK. Beyond the Fragments weekend workshop, 10-11 July, starts 11am, creche etc., 17, Bishops Hill Senior, York. £5, Details: Hetty Startup **01-602 1815.**

PLYMOUTH. No PWR for the South West, Trade Union Conference, 11am-3.30pm Swathmore Hall, Mutley Plain. Details Anti-Nuclear Campaign, P.O. Box 216, Sheffield S1 1BD, **(0742) 754691.**

LONDON W9. The Black Media Workers Association presents 'Ray Sheel and the Street Angels (Soul/jazz act) at the Factory, Chippenham Mews, London. Other music by Stardust Disco. Details B.M.W.A. **01-602 7694.**

LONDON W1. 'Cosmic Celebration' – Dancers, actors and musicians from a variety of religions including Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism, and Islam. Performances: July 10, 3pm, 7pm; July 11, 5pm. St. James Church, Piccadilly, London W1.

CROYDON. 'The Rainbow Bridge' a theatrical adventure for 3-7 year olds 11am, Croydon Warehouse Theatre, 62 Dingwall Road. Details: **01-680 4060.**

SUN 11 JULY

LONDON. Rathayatra – Festival of Chariots', Krishna Consciousness Society procession from Hyde Park Corner to Trafalgar Sq. where a cultural festival will take place. Starts 1pm Traf. Sq. 2pm.

LONDON WC1 'Stanton Coit and South Place: The Expulsion of a Platonist' Sunday Morning lecture 11am, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall Library, Red Lion Sq.

LONDON N22. 'New Variety-Wood Green', with Roland Muldoon, Controlled Attack, Capt. J. J. Waller, Gladys McGee, Mr. Clean. Details: Cast Presentations Ltd. **01-487 3440.**

MON 12 JULY

LONDON WC2. 'Women In Publishing' with Suzanne Lowry and Anna Coote, on the Womens Movement in the UK. 6.30pm, White Swan, New Row, Covent Garden. Details: Sue Butterworth **01-328 2262.**

TUES 13 JULY

LONDON W1. Merfyn Temple, author of 'Angelus for Peace in the South Atlantic', and Revd. Kenneth Greet speaks at St. James Church, Piccadilly, 7pm.

LONDON N17. 'Question Time' comes to Tottenham. Ask your local councillors about the issues affecting you. Moselle Rooms, Tottenham Town Hall, N17. Prompt start 8pm, **01-808 8047.**

WED 14 JULY

LONDON SW1. 'Basic Buddhism and Beyond' a free public lecture by Mr Peter Sharp, 6.30pm, Buddhist Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1 **Details 01-834 5858** (2-6pm only).

LONDON W1. London END. Group meeting: report back from the Brussels Convention on European Nuclear Disarmament, also Stefan Hof will speak on the disarmament movement in west Germany, St. James Church, Piccadilly, W1, 7pm.

LONDON SW7. Images of Science and Progress. 2nd seminar series, Ian Connell on "Nuclear Issues on T.V.: Presentation and Perception", 7.30pm, Botany Common Room, Beit Hall, Imperial College, Prince Consort Road, SW7. Details **01-589 5111 x1019.**

LONDON W1. 'Soviet-American Relations' spkr. Robert Nurick, Assist. Director of the International Institute for Strategic Studies. 6.15pm, St. James Church, Piccadilly, W1, **01-734 0956.**

LONDON W2. 'Penal Reform or Socialism' – Discussion between Socialist Party of Great Britain and the Labour Campaign for Criminal Justice. 8.30pm, The Princess Royal, Hereford Road, W2.

THURS 15 JULY

LONDON SW1. 'European watercolours of India during the British Period' Eyre & Hobhouse Ltd., 39 Duke Street, St. James, London SW1. (Exhib. runs until 30 July).

LONDON. Lesley Abdela will be speaking on 'Women and the Pursuit of Power' at the Network meeting in the English speaking union, 6.30pm. Details: Irene Harris **01-935 7058.**

FRI 16 JULY

LONDON SW9. 'New Variety – Brixton', Ellerbeck & Sharp, Dave Rappaport, The Joeys, Oxy and the Morons. 8.30pm, Old White Horse Pub, 261 Brixton Road. Details **01-487 3440/274 5537.**

BATH. Music, Dance & Drama Festival, Royal Bath & West Showground. (16-18 July).

LONDON N4. 'The Church and the World' – debate: 'The church should keep out of Public Affairs and stick to its spiritual business'. 8.15pm St. Mark's Church, Tollington Park, N4.

BRADFORD. Annual Conference of the Conference of Socialist Economists (CSE) 'Socialist Action for the '80s' Bradford University, 16-18 July.

SAT 17 JULY

SOUTHALL. 'Kabbadi Tournament' – Kabbadi is a powerful Punjabi team game which has huge community support. Two day event org. by CAA UK and Indian Workers Association and Scope Southall with teams from all over Britain. Details: **CAA UK 01-794 3885.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LONDON W8. Annual General National Conference of the Black Media Workers Association, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street: Details B.M.W.A. **01-602 7694.**

LONDON W3. *'Punjabi Gala Night'*, Acton Town Hall, Acton High Street. Details: **01-794 3885.**

CROYDON. 'Riders of the Sea' by Theatre of Thelma, don't miss this underwater extravaganza for 7-12 year olds. 11am. **01-680 4060,** Croydon Warehouse Theatre, 62, Dingwall Road.

LONDON NW1. 'Interested in going to China', talks, slideshows at St. Pancras Church House, Lancing St. 10.30-4.30, £2, £1 (members). **01-267 9841.**

NORTH LONDON. Self Help and Mutual Support Workshop for people with Cancer, 11am-6.30pm, Details: 01-278 6783.

LEEDS. 'Worker Co-operatives and the Labour Movement' meeting 17-19 July, Beechwood College, Elmete Lane, Roundhay, Leeds, Details Will Pollard, 12 Fleet Road, NW3 2QS, **01-267 6606.**

FORTHCOMING

18 JULY. LONDON WC1. 'The Discovery of the Criminal: The Early History of the Modern Prison', with Phillip Rawlings, 11am, Library, Conway Hall, org. by South Place Ethical Society.

18 JULY. London WC2. '1984 is just around the corner,' a gala night of entertainment – a benefit for the NCCL. Full details from Linda Gage **01-701 7417** and Flicky Ridel **01-267 2560.**

18 JULY LONDON N22. 'New Variety – Wood Green' with Ellerbeck and Sharp, Dave Rappaport, Mountbattens Plimsoll, Felix and the Cats, 8pm, Trade Union and Community Centre, 2A Brabant Road. Details: **01-437 3440/881 1196.**

18 JULY. 'Tolpuddle Rally' – coach leaving 177 Lavender Hill, SW11, 8.30am. Adults £5, Children-/unwaged £1.50. Details: Sue Ward, 19 Badminton Road, SW12. Tickets **01-673 8129/01-636 4030.**

18-23 JULY, London SW17. International School Students Peace Studies Week, Furzedown College, Streatham. For students aged 14+ and any interested adults. Details from, Pimlico School, Lupus St., London SW1V 3AT. **01-828 0881.**

21 JULY, LONDON SW1. Geoffry Goodwin on 'Diplomacy and Disarmament.' 6.15pm, St. James Church, Piccadilly, W1. Details: **01-734 0956.**

26-30 JULY BARLASTON. 'Then and Now – the 1930s and the 1980s.' WEA course making a comparison of the 2 decades using recorded recollections of the 1930s. Wedgewood Memorial College, Staffs. Tel. **Barlaston 2105.**

24 JULY, Croydon. 'Aaargh, No its 'orrible!!' by Covent Garden Community Theatre. Fun and Laughter for the over 7s. 11am, Croydon Warehouse Theatre 62 Dingwall Road. Tel. **01-680 4060.**

30 JULY-1 AUGUST. NOTTINGHAM. SHELTER's National Conference. 'A Future for Rented Housing', at University of Nottingham. Details from Kate Hewlett, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1. **Tel: 01-633 9377 ext 37.**

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GRADUATE (M, 46), seeks lonely London lady for music, arts and mutual motivation. Box 4346.

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MAN OF LOVE, fiddle fit through yoga, meditation, but 43 and Indian, who is beyond man-made divisions of nationality, etc, seeks wife or similar, children welcome. Box 4321.

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VERY ATTRACTIVE, intelligent divorcee, 32, with delightful 7-year-old boy, loves outdoor life, reading, theatre, films, music, cooking and entertaining. Seeks lasting relationship with a gentle, sincere, financially secure professional man under 40. Surrey. Box 4319.

WRITER/MUM, attractive 34, graduate; wide interests, theatre; seeks sensitive, stimulating male (40s/50s), for sharing/caring lasting relationship. Box 4314.

YORKSHIREMAN, slim, 5ft 7in, young 49, divorced, non-smoker, was clever once, wishes to delight in slender/petite female, 30s/40s, with sense of fun. Box 4323.

YOUNG WOMAN, interests literature, history, music and humour, seeks gentle, male correspondent. Box 4336.

Short Let

CENTRAL LONDON N1. Luxury flat, large, sunny balcony, sleeps 3. 24 July-end August, £115 p.w. 01-607 5206.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Accommodation Vacant

LEFT-WING VIEWS and right-wing habits? House to share, enormous own room. Forest Gate 15 mins Liverpool St. Animals and children possible. £100 monthly. 01-555 1889 at 8 a.m. (sic).

LONDON N16. Large room, summer let. £40 p.w. Suit academic couple. 01-254 4525 (daytime).

WEST HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful, second-floor flat with view. Well furn Living area, double bed/study, bathroom, CH, incl tel, TV. 1 year let £70 pw. 01- 794 2691 (eves).

Accommodation Wanted

SOLIDARITY CARTOONIST, wife and small boy, about to be made homeless, desperately need accommodation near Notting Hill. Permanent or temporary. Tel: Mrs Williams, 01-405 5195.

WRITER/EDITOR seeks s/c flat for self and cats. Any London area, pref not fully furnished, ground floor. References. Tel: 01-527 2027.

ARTS GUIDES
appear each month in the
NEW STATESMAN
next guide August 6
Full details: Laura Berryman – 01-242 5484

Meetings

ICA, THE MALL, SW1. Tel: 01-930 3647.
IN CONVERSATION, Janet Radcliffe Richards with Bea Campbell, 13th July, 1.00p.m. A. Alvarez with Michael Kustow, 14th July, 1.00p.m. **ARTISTS TALKING,** Leon Golub with Irving Sandler and Margaret Walters, 16th July, 7.30p.m. **IT'S CONSEQUENCES,** a series of seminars on Information Technology, 13th July, 7.30p.m. **THIRD WORLD** with Dr Juan Rada and Rita Cruise O'Brien.

Holidays/Travel

AUGUST. Family house, sleeps 4/6, minutes Highbury tube, £100 p.w. inc. 01-607 5200.

BRAZIL, PERU, Bolivia, etc. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. Journey Latin America, 10 Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

GO MARRAKESH EXPRESS. Morocco overland treks. 23 days. £180. Colour brochure. 02602 6880.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills, £57 p.w. Dinner, B&B. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Tel: 0492 640566.

ISLINGTON. Part artist's house, studio. 10 mins centre, by tube. Sleeps 5. Children welcome. 24 July-21 August, £300. 01-607 0140.

MURMANSK, 7-20 Aug £195, by train from LENINGRAD. Meet the reindeer herdsmen, see the fish factory ships, and the midnight sun. Full board in USSR. Yorkshire Tours, 49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield. Phone 0484 24269.

QUANTOCK HILLS. Six-berth caravan in quiet farm orchard. Close sea/forest. Ideal children. From £35 p.w. Still available July/September. Aubrey, Hockpitt Farm, Nether Stowey, Bridgwater, Somerset. (0278) 732921.

SAIL WEST INDIES. Traditional sailing ship leaving Mallorca, September. £450. Monthly. Write: Jorgen Parsbo, Son Duran 33, Alaro, Mallorca, Spain.

ROME, PISA, FLORENCE, SIENA, £130
LAKE GARDA, VENICE, VERONA, DOLOMITES, £120
Vacancies: 21-30 Aug., 28 Aug.-6 Sept., 4-13 Sept., 11-20 Sept.
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Telephone: 0484 24269

ALBANIA 18 Sept.-1 Oct. £170
FULL BOARD, visiting Durres, Tirana, Berat and Kruja.
INCLUDES full board at Durres Beach Hotel.
Yorkshire Tours
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield. Phone 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE, CRACOW, HIGH TATRAS
5-18 August . . . £170
Full board, 1st class hotel, excursions to the TATRAS, Cracow, The Dunajec Rapids (by raft), the Lakes of Myczkowskie and Solinske.
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

BALTIKA CRUISE £245
12-26 August, Tilbury/Leningrad/Tilbury
Includes full board and sightseeing programme. Calls four ports with 10 hrs. in each and two days in Leningrad.
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Telephone 0484 24269

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